

BEST OF ARIZONA 2012



ARIZONA

HIGHWAYS

ESCAPE • EXPLORE • EXPERIENCE

AUGUST 2012

31 Things
to Do
Before
You Die

PLUS: HOPI CHIPMUNKS • THE GRAND CANYON • JIM HARRISON • INDIAN ROAD 8
WILLIAMS • BEAR WALLOW CAFÉ • DUTCH TILTS • ASPENS • STRAWBERRY SCHOOL

"If it weren't for the rocks in its bed, the stream would have no song." — CARL PERKINS

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People, places and things from around the state, including Hank Delaney, the most unique mail carrier in the world; the Bear Wallow Café, a perfect place for pie in the White Mountains; and Williams, our hometown of the month.

18 31 THINGS TO DO BEFORE YOU KICK THE BUCKET

Everyone needs to see the Grand Canyon before he dies, but it's not enough to just see it. It needs to be experienced, away from the crowds, at a place like Toroweap. Or under a cottonwood at Indian Garden. Or in a raft on the Colorado River. In fact, we suggest putting all three on your bucket list, along with the other 28 things in this month's cover story.

BY KATHY MONTGOMERY

30 THE CANYON, BY GEORGE

The Grand Canyon is one of the few things on Earth that can be seen from outer space. It's breathtaking from any viewpoint, but the best perspective is from the rim — in person, with your own two eyes. Short of that, there are photographs, thousands of which have been published in this magazine over the past 87 years. It's an impressive collection that gets even better with this month's portfolio.

A PORTFOLIO BY GEORGE STOCKING

42 TRUCKIN'

There are a lot of great roads in Arizona, including a few that'll take you back in time. One of our favorite routes is the one between Parks and Cave Creek. It's a trip that's even better in a 1929 Model A Ford pickup truck.

BY IVER PETERSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERRENCE MOORE

46 THE MAN IN THE CREEK

Jim Harrison likes water. Actually, he *loves* water. Ironically, he doesn't find a lot of it in Patagonia. What he does find is inspiration for his novels. He also finds camaraderie in some of the characters who live in his neck of the woods.

BY KELLY KRAMER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCOTT BAXTER

52 SCENIC DRIVE

Point of Pines Road: Elk, pronghorns, bighorns, black bears, meadows, mountains, trees, eagles, herons, ospreys ... there's so much to see on this scenic drive, you might have to do it twice.

54 HIKE OF THE MONTH

Bill Williams Trail: Despite the idyllic nature of this mountain hike, it's never too busy — even in August, it's quiet enough to hear a pine needle drop.




■ POINTS OF INTEREST IN THIS ISSUE


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 Follow us @arizonahighways to see our travel photos from around the state.

Photographic Prints Available

Prints of some photographs in this issue are available for purchase. To view options, visit www.arizonahighwaysprints.com. For more information, call 866-962-1191.

► Tall trees stand in silhouette against sunrise over Terry Flat in the White Mountains. | LAURENCE PARENT
FRONT COVER Havasu Creek cascades over Beaver Falls on the Havasupai Indian Reservation in the Grand Canyon. | DAVID ELMS
BACK COVER Lupines flank an aspen in a grassy meadow along the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. | SUZANNE MATHIA

The Banks of Sonoita Creek

Cottonwoods are edible. The bark, in particular. It's bitter, like a handful of Bayer aspirin, but you could make a meal of it, if you had to. The sap is edible, too. It's starchy and sweet, and tastes a lot better than the bark. It doesn't taste good, just better. Nothing about a cottonwood tastes good — not like the blueberry pie at Bear Wallow Café — but the fast-growing willows serve a bigger purpose: Arguably, they're the hardest-working trees in the ecosystem.

Among other things, their canopies provide shade for wild roses and coati-mundis, and help reduce water evaporation in desperate streams and rivers; their roots create overhanging banks that provide habitat for Apache trout and Chiricahua leopard frogs; and the Hopis, who consider cottonwoods to be sacred, carve kachinas from their roots. The trees are also big and beautiful.

One of the biggest I've ever seen is on the east end of Aravaipa Canyon. It's not the biggest, though. The giant sequoia of cottonwoods lives along the banks of Sonoita Creek in Patagonia. Even if you are a tree hugger, you're going to have a hard time getting your arms around this one. At 100 feet tall and 42 feet around, it's considered the largest Fremont cottonwood in North America. We have a shot of it on page 24, but the photo doesn't do it justice. The big tree is one of those things you have to see in person. And so are the other 30 things in this month's cover story.

As we were putting the collection together, we tried to stay away from the term "bucket list" — my brother Hoss says the world doesn't need anymore bucket lists — but that's the gist of the story. It's our recommendation of what everyone should see and do in Arizona before they die. We'll get a lot of feedback on the things we didn't include, but it's hard to argue with those we did: watching the sun set over Hannagan Meadow, camping at Indian Garden, dangling your feet in Havasu Creek.

The creek is what you see on our front cover, and of all the Mother Nature in this issue, that spectacular travertine water is perhaps the most unlikely — it looks more like something you'd see in Maui. Unlikely is a good word to describe the Desert Bar, too. The place is bizarre, to say the least, and it's about the last thing you'd expect to see in the rugged mountains north of Parker. In fact, a herd of bighorn sheep wearing pantsuits would be less surprising.

As Kathy Montgomery writes: "When you see a copper steeple atop a chapel welded from steel plates, you'll know you've arrived." But that's only one of the oddities. There's also a pair of sheet-metal cooling towers, an outdoor concert stage, and a main barroom with glass refrigerator doors for windows. What's more, the place closes down at sundown. *Sundown*. It's different, but if you're tired of following the plow, a road trip to the Desert Bar is a good way to mix things up. And if you can do it in a 1929 Model A Ford pickup, even better.

That's how writer Iver Peterson and photographer Terry Moore got from Parks, Arizona, a small town near Williams, to Cave Creek, another small town just north of Phoenix. The Model A belongs to Terry, and as Iver writes in *Truckin'*, it provided an exciting trip back in time: "We knew that a light car, one that wouldn't go very fast, was the perfect way to explore millions of acres of public lands away from the paved roads ... We wanted to experience what travel was like in the first decades of Arizona's statehood ... when car travel was still an adventure."

With or without an old Ford, it's a trip worth taking. But instead of stopping in

Cave Creek, continue south to Sonoita Creek, where you might run into Jim Harrison. Like the Model A, Harrison is a classic. If his name sounds familiar, it should. He's the author of *Legends of the Fall*, the book that was

made into a movie starring Brad Pitt and Anthony Hopkins. It's Harrison's most famous work, but it's hardly the extent of his catalogue — he has dozens of novels to his name, as well as countless poems.

In her beautifully written piece titled *The Man in the Creek*, Kelly Kramer profiles the prolific writer, who's a character not unlike those in his books. "He writes



and he smokes," Kelly writes. "American Spirits, one right after another. They've turned his voice to silt and his skin the color of an old catcher's mitt, yet he lights them with the longing of a man consumed. Harrison works in longhand and eschews technology, with the exception of the fax machine he uses to send pages to his longtime assistant."

Although people in Paris "treat him like Hemingway," Harrison likes the quiet life in Southern Arizona. He also likes Sonoita Creek, and the cottonwoods that grow along its banks. Whether he's seen the old Fremont upstream — the largest in North America — I can't be sure, but it's something everyone should see at some point. Before it's too late.

ROBERT STIEVE, EDITOR

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KRISTIN HAYWARD, KBH PHOTOGRAPHY

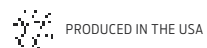
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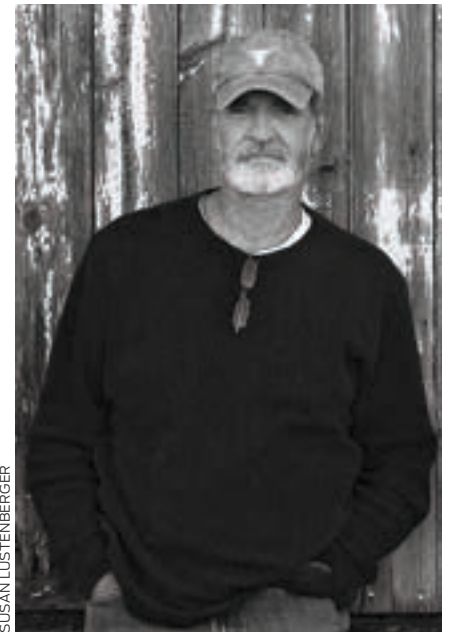


ELLEN BARNES

If you like what you see in this magazine every month, check out *Arizona Highways Television*, an Emmy Award-winning program hosted by former news anchor Robin Sewell. For broadcast times, visit our website, www.arizonahighways.com, and click the *Arizona Highways Television* link on our home page.

SCOTT BAXTER

You might recognize photographer Scott Baxter's name from the *100 Years, 100 Ranchers* images we recently featured. Although Baxter didn't photograph a rancher for this month's issue, he did meet his subject while visiting a ranch that was included in the project. "I was going to a ranch outside of Patagonia," Baxter says. "When I drove across the creek, there was an interesting-looking man standing in it with his two dogs." Baxter returned a year later to photograph that man — author Jim Harrison — for *The Man in the Creek* (page 46). In addition to *Arizona Highways*, Baxter's work has appeared in *American Cowboy*, *True West* and the *American Quarter Horse Association Journal*.



SUSAN LUSTENBERGER

DAVID ELMS

Photographer David Elms has been leading trips into Havasu Canyon for years, and he made this month's cover photo of Beaver Falls in one of the canyon's most remote areas — a full day's hike from Mooney Falls. "Photographing nature requires you to embrace nature fully," Elms says. "That means sitting all day in the rain; waiting out a 110-degree afternoon; sunrise shots on a cold, snowy morning; and hiking back in the dark." Elms has been shooting for *Arizona Highways* since 1986. His work has also appeared in *Sunset* and *Geo*.



IVER PETERSON

As a self-described "car nut," writer Iver Peterson was in his element as he penned *Truckin'* (page 42) for this month's issue. Peterson and photographer Terry Moore spent four days camping in the Arizona backcountry and fixing an oft-broken-down 1929 Model A Ford as they cruised from Parks to Cave Creek at an average of 25 mph. "[Moore] and I have always believed you have to put these old machines to work," Peterson says. "What better way to do it than to drive the old car on the kinds of roads it would have encountered when it was new?" This is Peterson's first assignment for *Arizona Highways*. His work has also appeared in *The New York Times* and *Rolling Stone*.

— MOLLY J. SMITH



TERENCE MOORE

BLIND COPY

I was intrigued by the article in the June 2012 issue titled *The Pole Position* — I have a friend who lost her sight in her 20s. She and her husband have hiked with my wife and me to Seven Falls in Bear Canyon, and they’re an inspiration to us. I want her to read your story, but wasn’t able to find it online (she has a software program that allows her to “read” online stories, but, of course, she cannot see the printed edition). I rarely go to your website, but it looks like there are only limited articles available.

Art Brothman, Salt Lake City

EDITOR’S NOTE: Thanks for the letter, Art. By the time you read this, that story should be online. Most of our stories post a month after the issue date.



June 2012

TRAIL GUIDANCE

It is so great that you put in the trail-head GPS coordinates for the 10 hikes [Summer Hiking Guide, June 2012], but why-oh-why don’t you do that for the *Hike of the Month* every month?

Matt Ball, Tucson

EDITOR’S NOTE: Excellent suggestion, Matt. We’ve started including GPS coordinates this month. See page 55.

HIGH PRAISE

Thank you for the fantastic issue [May 2012] highlighting the White Mountains and Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests. The photos were stunning, and your editorial was spot-on. Your efforts are very much appreciated, and by the looks of your magazine flying off the newsstands, the feeling must be mutual in this state.

Jim Zornes, Forest Supervisor, Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests, Springerville

The White Mountains of Arizona have been home to generations of families during the summer, winter, spring and fall. We were delighted to see *Arizona Highways* celebrate our rich history. From fishing to hiking, relaxing or exploring, the White Mountains are a destination treasure found only in Arizona. Thank you for your tremendous support and the opportunity to share our story with your readers around the world.

Mayor J. Fay Hatch, Taylor, Arizona

FLORAL ARRANGEMENT

For a number of years, we have been fortunate enough to receive *Arizona*

Highways from a dear friend living in Phoenix. The articles and outstanding photography give us immense pleasure. Imagine our surprise to see, on the back cover of the April 2012 issue, columbines flowering in The Nature Conservancy’s Muleshoe Ranch, which is more than 4,000 feet above sea level. Our Columbines [in England] are almost identical in colour, but self-seeded in very poor soil some 400 feet above sea level. Our cultivated cactuses, however, do not bear the same comparison.

Ann & Don Summers, Grove, Oxfordshire, England

WHAT THE HECK?

We moved here from Belen, New Mexico, 35 years ago. We thought New Mexico had a great magazine. But we soon learned that *Arizona Highways* is one of the best. We subscribed to the magazine, and have been a continuous supporter ever since. In 1992, my wife and I went to Eger, Hungary, to teach English as a foreign language. We met a young couple who planned to open an English language school. We subscribed to *Arizona Highways* for them to use in the language school. They find the mix of articles and photos very useful. Thanks for the quality of the magazine. We recently received our June 2012 copy of *Arizona Highways*, and on page 26 I saw a quote by Ellen DeGeneres. I was astounded that you would stoop to using her for a quote. First, what does Ellen know about Arizona? She is certainly no authority on the life, culture and environment of Arizona. Second, she used a common four-letter word. We don’t use that

kind of language in our home. So why should we be subjected to it in a high-quality magazine like *Arizona Highways*. Third, Ellen doesn’t need *Arizona Highways* to further her career. She does enough “tooting of her own horn” without your help. Thanks for allowing me to vent my frustrations.

Doug Pease, Tempe, Arizona

EDITOR’S NOTE: We’re happy to let you vent, Doug. We apologize if our use of the word H-E-Double-Toothpicks offended you. Also, you should know that our inclusion of Ms. DeGeneres’ quote wasn’t to “further her career.” We used it because it’s hilarious, regardless of whether or not she knows anything about Arizona.

WEBB GEM

As a longtime subscriber and resident of Sun City, I appreciated your short article [Browsing the Webb, June 2012] highlighting the history of our community. Recently, we celebrated the 50th anniversary of its founding by Del Webb. Sun City’s future is guaranteed to be equally successful, thanks to its progressive management and core of volunteers. The active lifestyle and quality of life of our age 55-and-over resident members is constantly being improved. Del Webb certainly got it right when he created this outstanding addition to the Valley of the Sun.

James Brasher, Sun City, Arizona

contact us If you have thoughts or comments about anything in *Arizona Highways*, we’d love to hear from you. We can be reached at editor@arizonahighways.com, or by mail at 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009. For more information, visit www.arizonahighways.com.

THE JOURNAL 08.12

people > local favorites > odd jobs > lodging > photography > history
hometowns > dining > nature > things to do

WEATHER PATTERN

A swirling rain cloud punctuates the magnificent skyscape over Hart Prairie near Flagstaff, its shape and wispy texture mimicking the conifers in the foreground. *Information:* 928-774-9541 or www.flagstaffarizona.org

~ people ~

PUSHING THE ENVELOPES

Like all intrepid mail carriers, Hank Delaney endures rain, snow, sleet and hail. But unlike all the rest, he also treks 8 miles and 2,000 feet in elevation to deliver ice cream, cattle feed, tools, paper towels, toothpaste and, of course, letters to the village of Supai, which is located at the bottom of the Grand Canyon on the Havasupai Reservation.

Hank Delaney felt sick as he picked up the phone. He'd just flipped his dad's truck — the linchpin of his family's business — on an empty highway. He was 17 years old, and he'd hit the brakes on a patch of ice.

Delaney's father, Bud, was not the type of man you'd want to disappoint. "He reminded me of John Wayne — he kind of looked like him, and he had his same mannerisms," Delaney says. "So I was scared to death."

The truck was carrying U.S. mail, which the Delaneys delivered to the Havasupai Reservation at the bottom of the Grand Canyon. A teenage cowboy, Bud Delaney served in Vietnam before landing the contract to deliver mail to the remote village of Supai. His days began before dawn, when he pulled into the post office on Historic Route 66 in Peach Springs. Staying ahead of the sun was important — mules carry the mail down a dusty trail. This is now the nation's last Pony Express, bound for an Indian village surrounded by otherworldly spires of red rock and cascading blue-green water.

As it turned out, Bud was just relieved his son wasn't hurt in the accident.

"That's the hardest call I ever made," Hank says. "He said, 'Are you all right?' and I said, 'I'm fine,' and that was the end of it." They got another truck and delivered the mail that day.

He's 40 now, but Hank still takes it easy around sharp curves as he drives down Indian Route 18 toward the Hualapai Hilltop. Especially on a December day when the ground is dusted with snow and his 4-year-old son, Ryder, is riding shotgun,

wearing his daddy's black cowboy hat. This has been Hank's routine since the day his father was killed in an automobile accident on the job. Hank took over the next day, and he doesn't plan to stop until the post office stops service. That could be soon. Pushed to slash its budget, the U.S. Postal Service has put this old route on the

list of possible cuts.

"It's a great job, and I'd like to do it until the day I die; but I'm not stupid, I can look around and see what's going on in the world," Delaney says. "It's part of the fat they can cut, but it's also living history."

Supai is one of the nation's most isolated towns. Eight miles and 2,000 feet

below the rim of the Grand Canyon, it's usually about 20 degrees warmer than the Hualapai Hilltop above. It's a four-hour walk and a world away from the bleak dirt parking lot and helipad where Delaney parks his F-250 beside the corrals where mail-carrying mules are loaded with 220-pound packs.

From the desolate rim, it's hard to imagine the outlandish beauty crammed into a nook in the canyon below, including five giant waterfalls where jewel-colored waters fall down 100 feet of blazing red rock. The idyllic village of improvised one-story shanties, mesquite trees and bright-green grass is home to about 200 members of a tribe that used to migrate seasonally between the top and middle of the canyon before the government told them to pick a place and stay put.

The tribe chose splendid isolation for a town with a lodge, a general store, a school, a church and no cars. The 86435

ZIP code, which Delaney services along with mule-drivers he hires from the tribe, covers nearly 500 square miles and has fewer than 500 residents. Sitting within a few miles of some of the world's most spectacular waterfalls creates a small-scale tourism operation that supports the tribe's modest lifestyle.

Delaney, a stout and soft-spoken man with a graying goatee and sturdy boots, lives with his wife and four children 75 miles away in Truxton, an old stop on the Mother Road that's increasingly ghostly since the interstate bypassed it.

Though his father delivered mail there since the family moved up from Glendale in the 1970s, Hank had never been to Supai until he was an adult. His wife and most of his children still haven't, though he plans to take them for a weekend at the lodge.

"Everybody ought to see Supai at least once. It's like Mayberry from the old *Andy Griffith Show*," he says. "It's lost in time."

The mail he carries is made up of far more than the postcards hikers send home from the general store. Ice cream, cattle feed, tools, paper towels, toothpaste and soda also find their way down the trail thanks to complex loopholes in postage rates. A private helicopter now carries some of the town's cargo along with tourists not up to the trek — business is now back to where it had been when he took over, down from a bubble that required hiring on 23 other helpers to handle quadruple the volume. He's never sure when the pendulum will swing back. "The choppers come and go," Delaney says. "The mail is dependable."

Though he's a private contractor and not a civil servant, Delaney has taken the mail carrier's creed to heart. There are only two days when the mail didn't get down to Supai. On one occasion, the Department of Public Safety wouldn't let Hank brave a blizzard. The other was the day Bud Delaney died.

In 1999, Bud was killed in a collision with a semitrailer. Hank was working for a chemical company when he got the call. "I was the only one who knew how to do it, so they called me and asked me if I could do it," he says. "I was in shock for a few months, but I did it. I think my dad would be proud."

— MARTIN CIZMAR

local favorites



MOLLY J. SMITH

HOSS ROGERS Tempe

Jeweler Hoss Rogers discovered his passion for the art of jewelry-making while in middle school. Drawing on influences from a childhood spent in the Southwest — and blending that with silver, turquoise and found-object art — Rogers creates one-of-a-kind custom jewelry pieces that are both sculptural and functional.

How did you get started?

I've always done it, though I did take a bit of a break when I lived in New Mexico. I never stopped being creative. When my son was born, it was a way that I could work at home and still raise my kids. I wanted to do something that I really loved doing, and I didn't want to have to answer to a boss if I could help it.

What was your inspiration?

It goes back to growing up in the Southwest — all of the old Native American silver jewelry and the tin work of New Mexico artists and folk artists. [My style is] kind of "Southwest pop." I love Southwest images, and I like adding a bit of humor to my work.

Describe your work.

It's mostly custom work for my clients. I make everything from pendants and big silver cuff bracelets to a lot of rings, belt buckles and more. The pieces I like the best are the pieces where I'm given a lot of artistic license and freedom by the client.

— MOLLY J. SMITH

480-650-7821 or www.hossrogers.com



MARK LIPCZYNSKI



KACHINA CARVER

Kevin Horace-Quannie, Phoenix &
Third Mesa, Hopi Indian Reservation

Over the past 32 years, Kevin Horace-Quannie has cut himself 10 times — not bad, considering what he does for a living. He's a Hopi/Navajo kachina-doll carver, and those nicks are just part of the job. "The knife is so sharp," he says. "All you have to do when you cut yourself is clean it out and use Super Glue." His award-winning carvings, which sell for between \$100 and \$10,000, are refined and elegant — his years of experience etched into each masterpiece. "My kachinas are very contemporary," he notes. "But they still represent the traditional style." He makes most of his pieces with cottonwood root, but Horace-Quannie likes to experiment, too. Recently, he's been creating bronze and glass kachina dolls, and he plans to produce a piece composed of all three materials. "Collectors want to see growth," he says. "They want to grow with you."

— KATHY RITCHIE

For more information about Kevin Horace-Quannie,
call 602-791-9343 or visit www.quannie.net.



Inn a Beautiful Setting

The Creekside Inn could easily survive on its Victorian charm and baked brie and egg breakfasts alone, but it comes with so much more, including the magnificent red rocks of Sedona and the soothing waters of Oak Creek.

It's the dream that very few people can turn into reality. How do you escape the rat race to pursue a slower, more meaningful life outside the confines of a cubicle? Mark and Tammy Charlesworth found their reality in the run-down Creekside Inn bed and breakfast property on the banks of Oak Creek in Sedona.

Maybe it was Sedona's mystical vortexes, but the Charlesworths knew the risk was worth it as they left the stress of corporate America to raise their children and transform this property into a destination that rivals the beauty of its surroundings.

Mark drew upon his experiences growing up in England and traveling internationally to create a sense of warmth and hospitality that compels everyone who enters Creekside Inn to curl up in front of the communal fireplace. Combined with Tammy's culinary skills, it's a wonder they

didn't open a bed and breakfast years before they took the plunge in 2001.

Mark and Tammy see themselves as a chef and server team, with Tammy creating her three-course "breakfasts with a flair" in the kitchen while Mark mingles with guests, recommends local hiking trails and pours freshly brewed coffee into the delicate Victorian china.

Carb-loading for the day is easy with Tammy's lemon or maple cornbread; and the fruit course, featuring selections like baked pears or brandied grapes, is a refreshing palate cleanse. Heading out to explore Sedona's red rocks with a stomach full of baked brie and eggs or glazed french toast is all the motivation required to make it back and do it all over again the next morning.

The dining room's Victorian theme extends throughout the entire property, which is decorated with antiques from the

late 1800s, including a once-useful petticoat mirror. Time stands still on the back deck, as the gentle whisper of Oak Creek provides a relaxing soundtrack. Each of the six suites has a private outdoor seating area, and if you're lucky enough to book the Victorian Suite, you'll be treated to a wood-burning fireplace.

It's not surprising that some guests don't want to stray far from Creekside Inn. Thankfully, the Charlesworths are part-owners of Dan's Bistro, and they are happy to arrange a romantic in-room dinner from the restaurant.

This confluence of Victorian elegance and Oak Creek beauty was the owners' escape from the rat race, which they eagerly share with anyone looking for a peaceful break.

— JACKI MIELER

Information: Creekside Inn is located at 99 Copper Cliffs Drive in Sedona. For more information, call 928-282-4992 or visit www.creeksideinn.net.



PAUL MARKOW



BRUCE D. TAUBERT (4)

Bruce Taubert's makeshift studio includes strobes, an umbrella and backdrops, helping him produce hummingbird photos like these.

Flutter Speed

By using a multiple-strobe setup and shading his airborne subjects — hummingbirds — with an umbrella, wildlife photographer Bruce Taubert can outshine the sun and better his fastest shutter speed by using the flash duration of his Vivitar 285 HV strobe lights. Using three or four lights dialed down to 1/16 power, budget strobes will render an exposure of f/16 at ISO 200. Even though the fastest sync speed for most modern DSLRs is 1/250 second, the duration of the flash during the exposure is only 1/10,000 second. In other words, the strobes are dictating the exposure, not daylight. The result? Evenly lighted hummingbirds with wings frozen in flight. In addition to his lighting technique, Taubert prefers to use a medium telephoto lens with an extender instead of a longer lens. The lens allows him to work close to his subjects and fill the entire frame with bird and flower. Taubert also makes his own backdrops from art board, allowing him to save money and change colors on the fly. — JEFF KIDA, photo editor

PHOTO TIP

Dutch Tilt

Some photographers — like contributor Paul Markow — have turned the tilted horizon into a signature style. While a slight tilt is often reason for a

straightening of the horizon during editing, a deliberately skewed angle is referred to as a Dutch angle or Dutch tilt. This technique can add a dramatic quality to an image or create tension and uneasiness,

depending on how the new lines lead the eye through the image. However, this unusual perspective is not for everyone, and whether you experiment with angles is based on personal taste and style.

Enter our monthly caption contest by scanning this QR code or visiting <http://bit.ly/ahmcaptioncontest>.



ADDITIONAL READING

Look for our book Arizona Highways Photography Guide, available at bookstores and www.arizonahighways.com/books.



Old School

August is when most kids start thinking about going back to school. It's not always a pleasant thought, but a late-summer visit to the Strawberry Schoolhouse is different. It comes with a lot of history, but no history exams.

School might be out for good at the Strawberry Schoolhouse, which opened in 1886, but it still gets its fair share of visitors during the summer months, when the classroom opens its doors to the public. "People come to see the schoolhouse and say, 'I went to a school just like this,'" says Margaret Parker, president of the Pine-Strawberry Historical Society. "It's amazing."

Residents chose the site of the one-room building after they took a rope and measured the distance between a cabin at the far west end of the valley and a cabin at the far east end of the valley. They counted the rope lengths and built the school dead-center. While the exterior was constructed of logs that were cut and hauled down from the Mogollon Rim, the interior was "elegant," according to the Pine-Strawberry Historical Society.



Strawberry Schoolhouse photograph by Josef Muench, prior to restoration.

NORTHERN ARIZONA UNIVERSITY CLINE LIBRARY

ings and church services. Attendance over the years varied, and in 1908, the school closed for an entire year because only five students enrolled in class. Eight was the minimum. The schoolhouse shut its door for good in 1916 after another school was built in Pine.

Time took its toll on the building and, eventually, only the log frame remained. During the 1960s, residents took the first steps toward restoring the school's exterior, and by the late 1970s and early 1980s, renovations to the interior were completed. "It looks and feels like you're walking into a classroom," Parker says. Today, the historical society maintains the structure, which is considered "the oldest standing schoolhouse in Arizona."

— KATHY RITCHIE

For more information about the Strawberry Schoolhouse, call 928-476-4473 or visit www.pinestrawhs.org.

this month in history

- Prospector Ed Schieffelin stakes his first mining claim on August 1, 1877, and names it Tombstone.
- President Woodrow Wilson proclaims



Casa Grande Ruins

Casa Grande Ruins a national monument on August 3, 1918.

■ Camp Crittenden is established in Southeastern Arizona on August 10, 1867, in an effort to protect the settlements of Babocomari and Sonoita, as well as the Santa Cruz Valley.

- Newman Haynes Clanton, a.k.a. "Old Man" Clanton, is killed on August 13, 1881, during an ambush while herding cattle through Guadalupe Canyon in Southeastern Arizona.
- Prescott dedicates the Ernest E. Love Airfield on August 26, 1928.

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS 50 Years Ago



The annual Navajo Tribal Fair at Window Rock was the cover story of our August 1962 issue. The piece, which looked at all aspects of the fair, including the exhibits, the rodeo, the queen's contest and the night dances, featured the photography of Josef Muench.



MARK LIPCZYNSKI

Cruiser's Café 66

WILLIAMS

OLD BILL WILLIAMS WAS A MOUNTAIN MAN. He was a trapper, a scout and a surveyor, too, and he made his way to "The State of Sonora" — Arizona — in the late 1820s. Apaches captured him, stripped him of all his belongings and turned him loose in the desert, where he wandered for 160 miles before being rescued by a band of Zunis. Williams' story is legendary, as is the town named in his honor.

Founded in 1881, the Northern Arizona destination of Williams is considered the "Gateway to the Grand Canyon." It was also the last Route 66 town in America to be bypassed by Interstate 40. Today, it's known for its Mother Road heritage — thanks to diners and nostalgia shops — as well as the Grand Canyon Railway, which runs 130 miles round-trip from Williams to the South Rim of the Grand Canyon each day.

The railway took the first passengers to the Canyon in 1901. It suspended operation in 1968, but reopened in 1989, prompting then Williams Marshal John Moore to say, "If it hadn't been for the Grand Canyon Railway, train service to the Grand Canyon would have been permanently lost."

— KELLY KRAMER

FOUNDED	AREA	ELEVATION	COUNTY
1881	43.8 square miles	6,800 feet	Coconino

INFORMATION: Williams-Grand Canyon Chamber of Commerce, 928-635-1418 or www.experiencewilliams.com; Grand Canyon Railway, 800-843-8724 or www.thetrain.com

~ dining ~

Bear Necessity

In Alpine, there's one place that can cater to nearly any craving, be it for burgers or tacos or chicken-fried steak. And though the menu at Bear Wallow Café is diverse, it does contain something that you simply shouldn't overlook. Pie. Delicious, homemade pie.

WOOD-PANELED, FRIENDLY and down-to-earth, Bear Wallow Café is just the

alpine

kind of place you'd expect to find in Alpine, a tiny White Mountains community sur-

rounded for miles by high-mountain forests and meadows.

With its giant chain-saw bear and rustic wood siding, Bear Wallow Café is the very picture of a mountain diner, with

wooden lunch counter, antlered walls and checkerboard-tile floor. Despite its remote location, the café's green vinyl banquettes are usually overflowing with locals and lucky travelers who happen upon it. However you find your way to its doors, you can bet your first visit will not be your last.

That's partly because of the people who work there, who are welcoming, good-humored and efficient. If the employees treat the place as if they own it, it's probably because they do. Three generations of Vada Davis' family work at Bear Wallow, with her daughters and grandchildren pitching in on everything from kitchen duties to bussing tables.

The menu features American and Mexican classics, all of them comfort on a plate: half-pound burgers, tacos, fresh salads, and house-made chili and soups. The french fries are hand-cut daily. If you're there at dinnertime, order the chicken-fried steak. Prepared from an old family recipe, it's huge, hand-breaded and served with a generous portion of those yummy fries, all smothered in thick, creamy gravy.

But whatever you order, save room for pie. Bear Wallow is famous for its pies. And oh, what glorious pies. During the peak months of summer, Davis' daughter, co-owner Taani Harper, turns out as many as 70 pies a week in a dozen varieties. Apple is the perennial favorite. But you might also find peach, pumpkin, blueberry, cherry, apricot, blackberry, mixed berry, apple-raisin, strawberry-rhubarb, banana cream, coconut cream or pecan. Whatever's fresh and in season. They're all made from scratch, with Taani's magnificent, flaky crust. Enjoy it with whipped cream or à la mode, but don't leave Alpine without ordering a slice.

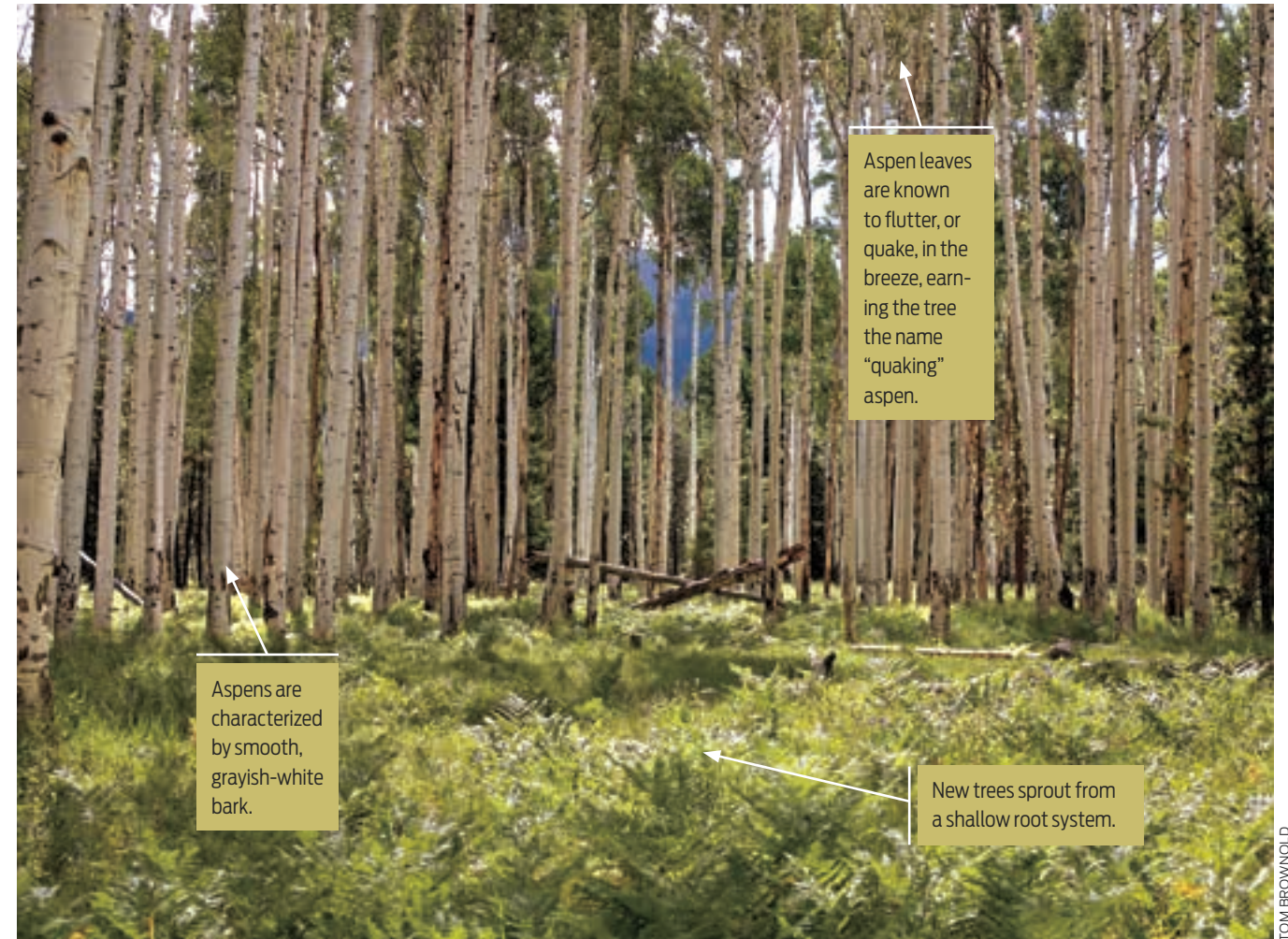
— KATHY MONTGOMERY

Information: Bear Wallow Café is located at 42650 U.S. Route 180 (at the junction of U.S. Route 191) in Alpine. For more information, call 928-339-4310 or visit www.bearwallowcafe.com.

JEFF KIDA



~ nature ~



TOM BROWNOLD

Whiter Shade of Pale

Nothing signals fall in Arizona like the fiery plumes of aspens. Next time you admire an autumn aspen grove, notice the differing hues of their round leaves. Each color represents a group of interconnected trees. Aspens create genetically identical clones by sprouting new trees from a shallow root system. Clones can exceed 100 acres, or about 90 football fields.

Look for smooth, grayish-white bark and leaves that flutter, or quake, in the breeze, earning them the name "quaking" aspens. On windy days, you can hear their tinning chorus. Aspens are the most widely dispersed native tree species in North America. In Arizona, they span elevations of 6,500 to 10,000 feet and forests and meadows from

the Kaibab Plateau to the White Mountains. These versatile trees also thrive in the volcanic soils of the San Francisco Peaks and in Southern Arizona's sky islands.

A pioneer species, aspens colonize areas recently disturbed by fire. Aspen stands support a high level of biodiversity lacking in areas dominated by conifers. Wildflowers, grouse and black bears benefit from aspen habitat, and elk and deer eat their young shoots.

Overgrazing by wildlife, combined with forest diseases and fire suppression, has led to declining Western aspen populations. With wildfires predicted to increase in the coming decades, aspens will continue to crown autumn hills with a citrine glow.

— LEAH DURAN

nature factoid



HOPI CHIPMUNK

While taking an early morning or late-afternoon walk through the forests in Northern Arizona, keep your eyes peeled for the Hopi chipmunk's long, fuzzy tail slipping into rock crevices. You might recognize the small rodents by the red stripes that cover their heads and backs and match their red tails. Hopi chipmunks are swift and timid, so any glimpse you catch before they steal away into their dens will be short and sweet.

— RACHEL STIEVE

~ things to do ~

august



BRUCE D. TAUBERT

Bird & Nature Festival

August 1-4, Sierra Vista

Enjoy self-guided and guided tours, exhibits and presentations about Southern Arizona's birds and butterflies at the annual Southwest Wings Birding & Nature Festival. *Information:* www.swwings.org



IVAN MARTINEZ

Shoot the Slot Canyons

September 15-19, Northern Arizona

Northern Arizona's slot canyons are among the state's most photographed subjects — the vivid tones of red, purple, amber and bronze create a kaleidoscope of color. During this workshop, you'll learn exposure secrets and how to utilize the light to create striking images of these unique rock formations. *Information:* 888-790-7042 or www.friendsof.azhighways.com

Grand Canyon Music Festival

August 24-September 8, Grand Canyon

Now in its 29th season, this three-week music fest brings together world-renowned artists for performances, outreach and educational programs in rural and underserved Arizona communities. *Information:* www.grandcanyonmusicfest.org

Prescott Film Festival

August 1-5, Prescott

Featuring comedies, documentaries and everything in between, this family friendly festival will also include workshops for budding filmmakers and movie buffs. *Information:* 928-458-7209 or www.prescottfilmfestival.com

Southern Peaches

August 18-19, Willcox

Take the entire family to the 15th Annual Peach Mania Festival, and don't forget to indulge in peach ice cream and peach pie afterward. Early birds can enjoy an all-you-can-eat pancake breakfast starting at 7 a.m. *Information:* 520-384-2084 or www.appleannies.com

Navajo Festival of Arts

August 4-5, Flagstaff

Immerse yourself in Navajo culture at this annual festival of the arts. With more than 70 Navajo artists, storytellers and cultural interpreters from many clans on hand, visitors can learn about the Navajo "Beauty Way" philosophy of living in harmony. *Information:* 928-774-5213 or www.musnaz.org

World's Oldest Continuous Rodeo

August 16-19, Payson

Featuring bull-riding, calf-roping and barrel-racing, plus several other competitions, this annual rodeo — now in its 128th year — is considered the country's best small rodeo. *Information:* 928-474-4515 or www.paysonrimcountry.com

Vigilante Days

August 10-12, Tombstone

The Wild West comes to life in "the town too tough to die." Visitors can take part in old-fashioned street entertainment, including shootouts and hangings, enjoy a chili cook-off or catch an 1880s fashion show. *Information:* 520-457-3451 or www.tombstonechamber.com

SEE THIS!

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BEST OF AZ

31 THINGS TO DO BEFORE YOU KICK THE BUCKET

Everyone needs to see the Grand Canyon before he dies, but it's not enough to just see it. It needs to be experienced, away from the crowds, at a place like Toroweap. Or under a cottonwood at Indian Garden. Or in a raft on the Colorado River. In fact, we suggest putting all three on your bucket list, along with the other 28 things in the next 10 pages.

BY KATHY MONTGOMERY



John Ford Point, Monument Valley | DAVE DROST

BEST OF AZ

“Every man dies. Not every man really lives.” That quote, attributed to William Wallace, comes from the movie *Braveheart*, but it underlies the premise of that other popular movie. The one starring Jack Nicholson and Morgan Freeman. The one that got us thinking about our lives, and what we’d like to look back on someday. Most of us want our time on Earth to have some kind of meaning. We want a challenge, a purpose, and to make some great memories. With that in mind, we’ve put together an Arizona-based bucket list that combines a little of each. Some of these things you may have done already; others, probably not. Take a look and hit the road. The clock is ticking.

CAMP WITH MOTHER NATURE

1 MITTEN VIEW CAMPGROUND

Longtimers mourn Monument Valley’s Mitten View campground, which was replaced in 2008 by the 90-room resort The View. But the new campground, just north of the visitors center, still overlooks some of the most stunning landscape in the West. And there are some things a resort can’t deliver, like the feeling of pitching your tent directly on hallowed ground. The campground is currently closed for renovations but will reopen in 2013. Though it will be updated, the price of admission will remain low. And watching the sun rise over the legendary Mittens? That’s priceless. *Information:* 435-727-5870, www.monumentvalley.org/camping

EXPERIENCE SOMETHING MONUMENTAL

2 JOHN FORD POINT

Monument Valley has been the setting for movies as diverse as *2001: A Space Odyssey*, *Easy Rider* and *Forrest Gump*. But it was John Ford who first made it famous. In 1939, *Stagecoach* made stars of John Wayne and Northern Arizona’s dramatic buttes. It’s fitting, then, that John Ford Point occupies the best overlook in Monument Valley Tribal Park, with views of Sentinel Mesa, Big Indian and the Castle Rock-Stagecoach group. A Navajo man in traditional dress often appears on a well-groomed horse to the delight of visitors. And, for a small fee, guests may also mount a horse and be pho-

tographed against the iconic backdrop. *Information:* 928-871-6647, www.navajonationparks.org

CRASH AT THE ICONIC REST STOPS

3 EL TOVAR, PHANTOM RANCH, INDIAN GARDEN CAMPGROUND

The Grand Canyon is home to some of the state’s most famous lodging, and everyone should experience them at least once. Begin at El Tovar (Suite 6492 if you can get it), which the Santa

Fe Railway built on the edge of the South Rim in 1905, and watch the sun set over the Canyon from the bar’s outdoor patio. Spend your second night at Phantom Ranch, designed in 1922 by Mary Jane Colter. There’s no happier place than the air-conditioned cantina after the long hike down. On your last night, climb to the oasis at Indian Garden and unroll your sleeping bag under the canopy of a cottonwood. *Information:* 888-297-2757, www.grandcanyonlodges.com (lodges); 928-638-7875, www.nps.gov/grca (Indian Garden)



Phantom Ranch, Grand Canyon | TOM BROWNOLD

GET A BIRD’S-EYE VIEW

4 STATEWIDE

There are many benefits to exploring Arizona from the ground. Hiking, biking, horseback-riding and road-tripping are great ways to experience the state’s varied landscape. But there’s something particularly spectacular about surveying the state from 700 feet in the air. Thanks to Maria Langer and her R44 Raven II helicopter, it’s possible to soar over Prescott, Sedona and Lake Powell, then capture a bird’s-eye view of Monument Valley, all within a few hours. As Langer says, “When you’re flying, you can see things that are forgotten,” but you won’t soon forget an aerial tour of Arizona. *Information:* Flying M Air, 928-231-0196, www.flyingmair.com

Aerial view of Sedona | TED GRUSSING



ABOVE: White-water-rafting, Salt River Canyon | JEFF KIDA
BELOW: Mountain-biking, Sedona | T.C. BADALATO

GET PEPPERED BY SALT WATER

6

SALT RIVER CANYON

If the Salt River Canyon is called the mini-Grand Canyon for its stunning, striated walls, then rafting the Upper Salt might be the *Cliffs Notes* of canyon rafting. But white-water season here is as fleeting as desert wildflowers. From March through May, melting snow-pack swells the Salt's course leading into Salt River Canyon Wilderness, turning this undammed stretch of river into the ultimate E-ticket ride. The 52-mile bridge-to-bridge trip from U.S. Route 60 to State Route 188 near Roosevelt Dam takes three

to five days, passing nesting eagles, ancient cliff dwellings and blooming desert landscapes along the way. *Information:* www.azroa.org

CELEBRATE THE SOLSTICE

7

PETRIFIED FOREST NATIONAL PARK

Nearly every ancient culture observed the solstice, and solstice markers are found throughout the Southwest. The Petrified Forest has dozens. The most accessible is a small, spiral petroglyph at Puerco Pueblo that marks the summer solstice. Each year around the solstice, rangers admit the public to watch a finger of light strike

the petroglyph. The event marks the longest day of the year. But it's also the point at which the days begin to grow shorter — a reminder that our days are waning, and to value each one. *Information:* 928-524-6228, www.nps.gov/pefo

EMBARK ON AN EPIC JOURNEY

8

ARIZONA TRAIL

This National Scenic Trail, which extends more than 800 miles across the state from Mexico to Utah, was the dream of a Flagstaff schoolteacher. Dale Shewalter first walked the distance, then quit work for

a year to lobby for his life's dream. Although he didn't live long enough to see the trail's completion in 2011, many have followed in his footsteps, traveling the trail on foot, mountain bike and horseback. Some have tackled a segment at a time, taking years, and one man hiked it in 31 days. But all describe it as a life-changing experience. *Information:* 602-252-4794, www.aztrail.org

FLOCK TO THE BIRDS

9

WILLCOX

Each winter, nearly 40,000 sandhill cranes inhabit Southern Arizona's Sulphur Springs Valley. The undulating clouds of 5-foot-tall birds heading out in search of food each morning are a magnificent sight. In the evenings, they return to the wetlands around Willcox, where couples sing in synchronized duets and dance their running, jumping, flapping jig. Watching them reminds us that there's a time for work, a time to play, and for everything a season. *Information:* 800-200-2272, www.wingsoverwillcox.com

COUNTDOWN TO TAKEOFF

10

VERMILION CLIFFS NATIONAL MONUMENT

For 100,000 years or more, California condors made the Vermilion Cliffs their home. But by the time Europeans arrived, these birds had mostly headed for the coast. By the 1980s, the entire species was headed for extinction, saved only by a successful captive-breeding program. Since 1996, scientists have been reintroducing condors to these cliffs every year on



Arizona Trail, Walnut Canyon | TOM BEAN



Sandhill cranes, Willcox | BRUCE D. TAUBERT

the last Saturday in September. Soaring on their 9.5-foot wingspan, the enormous, prehistoric-looking creatures

are large enough to see without an assist from a pair of binoculars. *Information:* 435-688-3200, www.blm.gov/az

GET ON YOUR BIKE AND RIDE

5

SEDONA

Sedona is a great place to mountain bike (some say it's even better than Moab) for the same reason it's popular with four-wheelers. Sedona's famous red rocks are both beautiful and varied, with easy trails for casual riders and technical trails to test the mettle of the most experienced bikers. Head first to the Bike & Bean in Oak Creek Village. This unusual bike shop is as serious about its coffee as it is about its bikes. Here, you'll find fellowship, rentals and customized guided tours. And it's across the street from Bell Rock Pathway, which connects to some of the area's best trails. Order up a jolt of java, then get on your bike and ride. *Information:* 6020 State Route 179, 928-284-0210, www.bike-bean.com





BEST OF AZ

RIDE AN ANCIENT HIGHWAY

11 CANYON DE CHELLY NATIONAL MONUMENT

Most national parks have long been emptied of their Native inhabitants, but Canyon de Chelly is a rare exception. The 900-year-old ruins belonged to the Anasazi, but their ancient petroglyphs mix with more contemporary contributions from the Navajos, who have lived there for 300 years — it's still home to some 80 Navajo families. Take a Jeep tour led by a guide who grew up in the interconnected series of canyons. It's an intimate, cultural experience that transcends history. *Information: 928-674-5500, www.nps.gov/cach*

HUG A VERY BIG TREE

13 CIRCLE Z RANCH

In the Southwest, cottonwoods are precious. The sight of their bright-green leaves signals water, and the western yellow-billed cuckoo, northern flicker and turkey vulture depend on cottonwoods for survival. A cottonwood on the Circle Z Ranch in Patagonia is considered the largest in North America. It's certainly the most magnificent. Nearly 100 feet tall, with a circumference of 42 feet, it would take seven adults touching fingers to circle it. The fortunate guests at this historic ranch get to ride out to this gentle giant on Sonoita Creek and picnic under its 108-foot spread. *Information: 1476 State Route 82, Patagonia, 520-394-2525, www.circlez.com*



ABOVE: California condor, Vermilion Cliffs | JOHN CANCALOSI
RIGHT: Jeep tour, Canyon de Chelly | ANN COLLINS
BELOW: Fremont cottonwood, Circle Z Ranch, Patagonia | DAVE BLY



SEE GREEN

12 EMERALD CAVE, BLACK CANYON

Sometimes, timing is everything. So it is with this unexpected jewel, located 2 miles from Willow Beach, below Hoover Dam on the Colorado River. For just a few minutes each afternoon, the light fills this tiny grotto at just the right angle to bounce off the volcanic rock beneath the water, creating the feeling that you're suspended over a giant, glowing emerald. The magical, mystical experience is a good reminder of the ephemeral nature of beauty and how fleeting is life itself. *Information: www.squidoo.com/hoover-dam-float-trips*



Kayaking Emerald Cave, Black Canyon | KERRICK JAMES

FEED YOUR SOUL

14 GARLAND'S LODGE

Dinner is a highlight at this beautiful, historic lodge in Oak Creek Canyon. Each menu is assembled with the care of a guest list for a dinner party, with attention to how each dish will contribute to the whole. Dinner always starts with warm, oven-fresh bread, paired with the day's soup. In the spring and early summer, salads take advantage of fresh greens from Garland's gardens. The main course might be

apple-glazed stuffed pork or salmon with ancho-lime glaze followed by sumptuous, house-made pies and cobblers incorporating heirloom fruits from Garland's orchards. In the background are the rippling sounds of Oak Creek, from which all this goodness flows. *Information: 8067 N. State Route 89A, Sedona, 928-282-3343, www.garlandsdodge.com*

HOOK UP IN THE RIVER

15 LEES FERRY, GLEN CANYON

The famous stretch of the

Colorado River between Glen Canyon Dam and the Grand Canyon is one of the best trout fisheries in North America, with more trout per mile than any other American river. The water flows

clear and cold along this 15.5-mile stretch, where 12- to 24-inch rainbow trout are common. An added bonus is the beauty of Glen Canyon, with its towering sandstone cliffs and redbud trees that



Fly-fishing, Lees Ferry | RORY AIKENS

bloom in spring. *Information: Glen Canyon National Recreation Area, 928-608-6200, www.nps.gov/gcra; Lee's Ferry Anglers, 800-962-9755, www.leesferry.com*

GET YOUR HANDS DIRTY

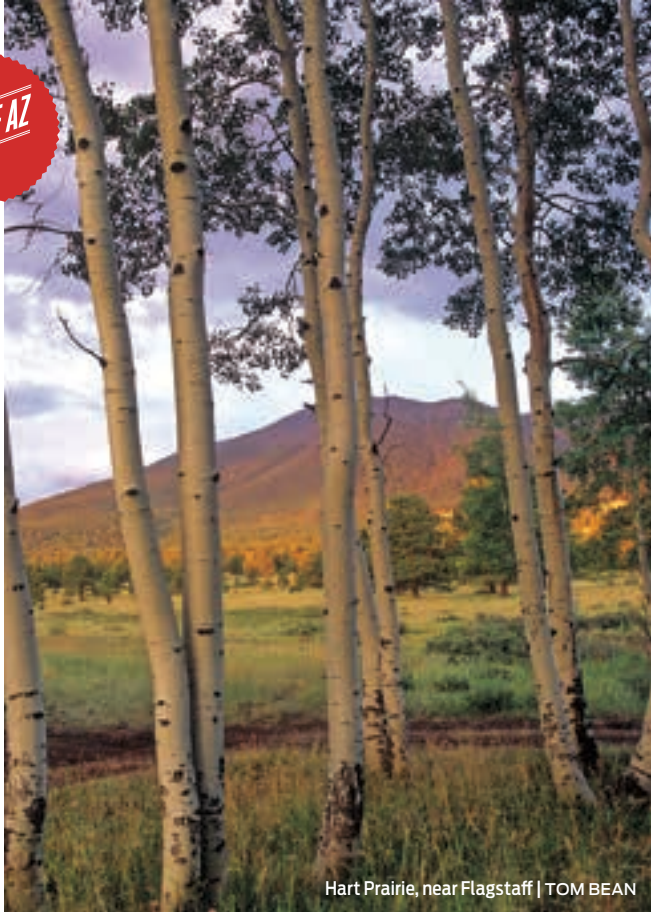
16 GRAND CANYON FIELD INSTITUTE

Studies show that service contributes to our happiness. Lucky for us, the non-profit Grand Canyon Field Institute offers a whole roster of service-based classes where students can make a difference by restoring the Canyon's habitat, conducting botanical or hydrological surveys, or investigating archaeological ruins. In last year's hands-on archaeology class, a small group worked with National Park Service scientists to excavate a historic site. All of which goes to show you can learn to be happy. *Information: 866-471-4435, www.grandcanyon.org/fieldinstitute*

QUENCH YOUR THIRST AT A DESERT OASIS

17 NELLIE E. SALOON

If you see a caravan of cars driving into the desert north of Parker, chances are they're headed to the Nellie E., a.k.a. the Desert Bar. When you see a copper steeple atop a chapel welded from steel plates, you'll know you've arrived. The Nellie E. opened on an old mining claim in 1983. There's a bar with glass refrigerator doors for windows, a music stage and sheet-metal cooling towers. It's a funky, jostling, happy place, but it's only open weekends from Labor Day through Memorial



Hart Prairie, near Flagstaff | TOM BEAN

Day. In the summer, it shuts up tighter than a desert tortoise. *Information: Cienega Springs Road, Parker, www.thedesertbar.com*

TAKE THE SCENIC ROUTES

18

OAK CREEK CANYON, KAIBAB PLATEAU, HART PRAIRIE, SAGUARO NATIONAL PARK

Life is too short to spend it stuck in traffic when Arizona has such spectacular back roads. Crank up Springsteen and head out on a drive, one for each of the four seasons. Start with State Route 89A through Oak Creek Canyon in spring, when the creek's cottonwoods sprout their first vibrant leaves and the apple orchards are in bloom. Take the high road in the summer on the North Rim Parkway, with its cool, wildflower-strewn meadows and vanilla-scented pines.

In the fall, you'll love Hart Prairie Road, its shimmering aspens carpeting the gravel road with golden leaves. And where better to appreciate winter than the desert? Pose in short sleeves with one of the stately giants at Saguaro National Park and send it to friends back East. *Information: Oak Creek: 928-203-2900, www.fs.usda.gov/coconino; Kaibab Plateau: 928-643-7395, www.fs.usda.gov/kaibab; Hart Prairie: 928-526-0866, www.fs.usda.gov/coconino; Saguaro NP: 520-733-5153, www.nps.gov/sagu*

WALK OVER THE GRAND CANYON

19

NAVAJO BRIDGE

On U.S. Route 89A, two nearly identical bridges span the Colorado River. The narrower one, built in 1927 to accommodate automobiles, replaced the boat crossing at Lees Ferry. At the time, it was the highest steel-arch

bridge in the world. But by the mid-1990s, it couldn't support modern-day traffic, so a wider bridge was built just downriver. The historic bridge is now a pedestrian crossing, with panoramic views of the Colorado River 470 feet below and California condors wheeling above. *Information: 928-355-2319, www.nps.gov/glca*



Majestic saguaro, Ironwood Forest National Monument | RANDY PRENTICE

FIND AND PHOTOGRAPH THIS INCREDIBLE SAGUARO

20

NEAR IRONWOOD FOREST NATIONAL MONUMENT

It's the arms that give saguaros their engaging, human-like character, yet no one really knows why they grow them. Some think it's because the ends of the arms grow flowers. A cactus with more arms has a better chance of reproducing. Yet a 150-year-old saguaro may not have a single arm. On the other hand, one in Southern Arizona has 75. We're not going to tell you exactly where it is, but

it's worth finding so you can see it for yourself. *Information: Ironwood Forest National Monument, 520-258-7200, www.blm.gov/az; Saguaro National Park, 520-733-5158, www.nps.gov/sagu*

LOOK TO THE SKY

21

GRAND CANYON LODGE

To properly enjoy meteor showers, the most important element is a dark sky. That's why the Grand Canyon's North Rim makes such a wonderful place to view them. Add the quiet, the spectacular setting and an unobstructed view of the horizon, and you've got a front-row seat to two of nature's most impressive displays. In August, the Perseids take center stage, and this year's waning crescent moon won't outshine the stars of the show. *Information: 928-638-7888, www.grandcanyonlodgenorth.com*

RUN THE COLORADO

22

LEES FERRY TO DIAMOND CREEK

You can take a day trip on the Colorado River, and you even can take it in a motorized boat. But to paddle all 277 miles through the Grand Canyon is to glide through some 2 billion years of geologic time and see fern-covered grottoes, ancient granaries and 100-foot waterfalls. It is to test yourself against the rapids and experience the profound quiet of the canyons. It is to remember what it means to work toward a common goal, to travel lightly, test your limits and, sometimes, surprise yourself. *Information: 800-959-9164, www.nps.gov/grca*



Rafting the Colorado River, Grand Canyon | KERRICK JAMES

TAKE A RIM-TO-RIM-TO-RIM SHOT

23

GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK

In Arizona, a rim-to-rim-to-

rim hike of the Grand Canyon is a rite of passage. It's a 44-mile challenge, one that *National Geographic* writer Peter Potterfield ranks as one of the 15 best hikes in the world. The National Park

Service, however, frowns upon long hikes like that. Taking it slow, over the course of four to six days, has its own rewards. Like escaping the heat of the day at Ribbon Falls, enjoying a cold

beer at Phantom Ranch and watching sunset at Plateau Point. *Information: 928-638-7875, www.nps.gov/grca*

TRAVEL BACK IN TIME

24

WALPI

Perched on the high, narrow finger of First Mesa, this ancient Hopi village is the mother of the 11 present-day Hopi settlements. The Hopis have occupied this defensive location, built from hand-plastered sandstone, since the 17th century. Its residents still live as their ancestors have for centuries, without electricity and running water, selling the pottery for which First Mesa is known. *Information: State Route 264, Milepost 392, 928-737-2262, www.experiencehopi.com/walpi*



Hiking rim-to-rim-to-rim, Grand Canyon | TOM BROWNOLD



Backpacking, Hellsgate Wilderness
| NICK BEREZENKO

GO TO HELLSGATE AND BACK

25 HELLSGATE WILDERNESS

Prepare well for this three- to five-day backpack, or you'll feel like you've entered the gates of Hell. The name refers to what pioneer settlers called the confluence of Tonto and Haigler creeks. In 1984, it became the name of the surrounding wilderness. If you follow Tonto Creek, plan on 10 to 12 swims per day, alternating with boulder scrambles to challenge the most avid hikers. Rewards include some of the most heavenly scenery in Arizona and a sense of accomplishment that feels out of this world. *Information:* 928-474-7900, www.fs.usda.gov/tonto



For more great Arizona adventures, scan this QR code or visit www.arizona-highways.com/travel.asp.

HIT THE TRAILS

26 SEVEN FALLS, WIDFORSS, INNER BASIN, HUMPHREYS PEAK

Hiking is supreme in Arizona. It's why many of us live here. Creeks flow in the spring, making that the best time for the Seven Falls Trail in Tucson's Bear Canyon. It's all cliffs and high canyon walls, with the ultimate payoff of an improbable desert water-

fall. In the summer, there's nothing grander than the Grand Canyon. The premier trail is Widforss, a beautiful, forested walk along the North Rim, culminating in views of formations named for kings and goddesses. The Inner Basin in Flagstaff is tops for fall color, when golden aspens punctuate its idyllic route into the heart of the San Francisco Peaks. Topping all of them, literally, is Humphreys Peak. At 12,633 feet in elevation, it's the highest point in the state. Lots of people hike it in the summer, but for the hike of a lifetime, tackle it in the winter with a pair of snowshoes. *Information:* Seven Falls: 520-749-8700, www.fs.usda.gov/coronado; Widforss: 928-638-7875, www.nps.gov/grca; Inner Basin and Humphreys Peak: 928-526-0866, www.fs.usda.gov/coconino

LISTEN TO THE BLUES

27 HAVASU CANYON

As Havasu Creek rushes toward the Colorado River, its famously turquoise waters cascade over a series of waterfalls and feed a ribbon of greenery that some have

compared to Shangri-La. Over time, minerals in the creek have formed travertine benches and natural dams, creating resort-like swimming holes that remain a near-constant 70 degrees. The most famous, of course, is Havasu Falls. Located 2 miles from the remote Havasupai village of Supai, Havasu Falls plunges nearly 100 feet into a clear, wide



Havasu Falls, Grand Canyon | DAVID ELMS

swimming hole, surrounded by tall, shady cottonwoods. Call it Paradise Found. *Information:* 928-448-2121, www.havasupaitrIBE.com



Snow-hiking, Humphreys Peak | DAVID WALLACE



Toroweap Overlook, Grand Canyon | MARK LAVERMAN

GO TO THE FLOW

28 TOROWEAP OVERLOOK

This remote spot is prized for its rugged, undeveloped character and solitude, and getting there takes temerity, perseverance and a high-clearance vehicle. But the rewards include one of the most unique and dramatic views of the Grand Canyon. The remnants of lava flows that spilled over the canyon rim are visible here, at one of the narrowest and deepest parts of the gorge. It's a sheer, 3,000-foot drop to the Colorado River, with a view of its most dramatic rapids. For the truly adventurous, take the nearby hike down, but beware. The 1.5-mile Lava Falls Route is extremely exposed and crosses steep, treacherous talus slopes on its 2,500-foot plummet to the river at Lava Falls Rapid. The route, marked in only a few locations, descends one of the hottest, scariest chutes in

the Canyon. This route is life-threatening in the summer due to the extreme heat and lack of water. *Information:* 928-638-7888, www.nps.gov/grca

GET INTO THE SPIRIT

29 ROOM 426, HASSAYAMPA INN

One of the first guests at this historic hotel in Prescott was a young bride named Faith whose husband left

on their honeymoon to buy cigarettes and never came back. Three days later, Faith hung herself in despair. Since then, visitors periodically encounter Faith in Room 426. Guests report waking up to find the TV blaring, the lights on or their toothbrushes missing. The inn's spirited Halloween bash makes it the perfect occasion for a rendezvous with Faith. *Information:* 122 E. Gurley Street, Prescott, 928-778-9434, www.hassayampainn.com

SETTLE IN FOR SUNSET

30 HANNAGAN MEADOW

Located at the edge of a remote wilderness area, the historic lodge and campground at Hannagan Meadow offer unspoiled, peaceful, high-mountain retreats. Sunset is magical. Elk, turkeys, bobcats and bears emerge from the surrounding forest of spruce and firs. Crickets



Room 426, Hassayampa Inn
| RICHARD MAACK

chirp, coyotes yip. You might even hear the howl of a wolf as the light shimmering on aspen leaves gives way to the glitter of stars as bountiful as sand on a beach. *Information:* 928-339-4370, www.hannaganmeadow.com (lodge); 928-339-5000, www.fs.usda.gov/asnf (campground)

CRAWL INTO A CAVE

31 KARTCHNER CAVERNS

A soda straw lives in Kartchner Caverns — not the kind you'd expect to find in a fountain drink, but an amazing, 21-foot-long limestone stalactite. It hangs from the ceiling in the Throne Room, one of many remarkable areas visitors to the caverns can explore. The cave, discovered by Randy Tufts and Gary Tenen in 1974, is now part of Kartchner Caverns State Park, and it's open for tours most days. *Information:* 520-586-2283, www.azstateparks.com/parks/kaca [AH](http://www.azstateparks.com/parks/kaca)





THE CANYON, BY GEORGE

The Grand Canyon is one of the few things on Earth that can be seen from outer space. It's breathtaking from any viewpoint, but the best perspective is from the rim — in person, with your own two eyes. Short of that, there are photographs, thousands of which have been published in this magazine over the past 87 years. It's an impressive collection that gets even better with this month's portfolio.

A PORTFOLIO BY GEORGE STOCKING

PRECEDING PANEL: A sunset monsoon paints the east end of the Grand Canyon — as seen from the South Rim's Navajo Point — in amber light.



LEFT: A sunrise storm overtakes Wotan's Throne, visible from Cape Royal on the Canyon's North Rim.

RIGHT: Parting monsoon clouds reveal the Colorado River, shrouded in haze.



“We simply need that wild country available to us, even if we never do more than drive to its edge and look in. For it can be a means of reassuring ourselves of our sanity as creatures, a part of the geography of hope.”

— *Wallace Stegner, 1960*

Pallid light filters through breaking clouds over a section of the Grand Canyon known as the Palisades.



The Canyon’s layers are illuminated by the soft light of sunrise in this photograph, made from Pima Point, on the South Rim.

FOLLOWING PANEL: Rain from a summer monsoon pours into the Canyon.



“When your spirit cries for peace, come to a wonderful
world of canyons deep in an old land.”

— *August Frugé*



LEFT: First light over Powell Point kisses the Grand Canyon's distinctive ridges.

RIGHT: A rainbow slices gray-blue skies over the Canyon's South Rim.



The sun sets over Desert View Watchtower on the South Rim of the Grand Canyon, causing the sky to explode in shades of pink and purple. [AH](#)



TRUCKIN'

Thanks to the Arizona Department of Transportation (yes, that's an obsequious plug for our parent agency), it's easy to see the state from the comfort of a convertible. There are a lot of great roads in Arizona, including a few that'll take you back in time. One of our favorite routes is between Parks and Cave Creek. It's a trip that's even better in a 1929 Model A Ford pickup truck.

BY IVER PETERSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERRENCE MOORE



CLOCKWISE FROM FAR LEFT: The 1929 Model A Ford crosses Seven Springs Creek; the route from Parks to Cave Creek runs along Garland Prairie near Williams; a Wickenburg topper adorns the truck's original license plate; a roadside cowboy greets travelers.

FOR SOME REASON, the Model A Ford motor makes a strangely musical note: *cheedle leedle teedle leedle*. It's a song that looped as our soundtrack for a five-day, 230-mile drive down the bony spine of Arizona, from ponderosa-pine forests in the north to desert saguaros in the south, almost all of it on backcountry dirt roads, and all of it in an ancient, often balky 1929 Ford pickup truck.

We knew that a light car with good road clearance, one that wouldn't go very fast, was the perfect way to explore millions of acres of public lands away from the paved roads, away from the traffic and the comforts — and discomforts — of modern high-speed travel.

"Slow down and taste the dust" was our motto as we made our way over old logging roads, Forest Service fire roads, ranch trails ... any rocky track leading south from the tiny Historic Route 66 town of Parks, near Williams, to Cave Creek, a remnant of old Arizona on the edge of Phoenix.

We wanted to experience what travel was like in the first decades of Arizona's statehood, when there were few paved roads beyond city limits, and when car travel was even more of an adventure. And we wanted to see the many beautiful, unspoiled places in the state that few people see anymore: deep, somber desert valleys guarded by shark-tooth peaks; forest meadows that open like parklands between stands of pines and scrub oaks; rivers and streams hedged with mesquite and acacia, their branches alive with the songs of wrens and meadowlarks.

And to add to the adventure, Terry Moore, who made the photographs, and I took along a couple of fourth-graders: Charlie, Terry's son, and Charlie's friend Nick. After all, taking the kids is part of the American travel story, and as every parent soon learns, it's easier to travel with two kids than one.

We set out in early April from the general store in Parks, crossed over Interstate 40, with its blind rivers of steel speed-

ing east and west, and headed south on the broad, smooth Garland Prairie section of the lower Kaibab National Forest. Up here the ponderosa is king, and it was a typical Northern Arizona spring day — warm in the sun, cool in the shade — as our little truck spun easily along the dusty roads toward the south, sometimes approaching the breathtaking speed of 35 miles per hour.

Our Forest Service maps showed us our route, and my smartphone, with its GPS mapping system, showed us where we were from moment to moment: this is County Road 141, Forest Road 44 is coming up on the left, and ahead is the Round Mountain bike loop.

Our first side trip that day was a visit to Sycamore Point, where the road ends at a stupendous vista into Sycamore Canyon Wilderness, a deep roadless area where the shallow rivers sparkled over gravel bars in the sunlight far below us. We climbed down through forbidding outcrops of lumpy gray basalt to the haunting stillness of the Sinaguan Indian

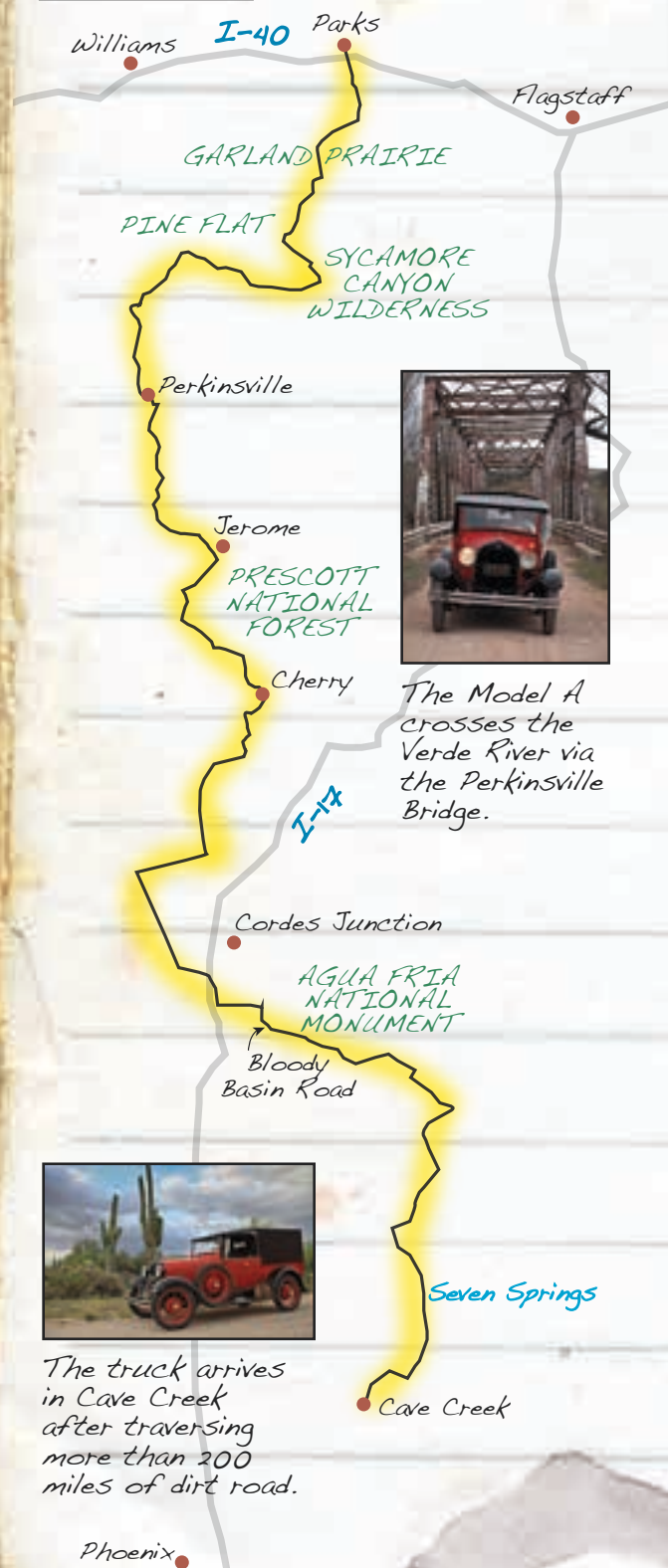
cliff dwellings below the rim. Their golden-red sandstone walls, carefully laid up centuries before, made a joke of our efforts at "time travel" in a vehicle not even a century old. The boys wanted to camp there, but we'd passed a "no camping" sign coming in, and we save our public lands and their precious historical artifacts by obeying the rules. Besides, you can camp just about anywhere else on public lands, so we pressed on to a wide meadow in the slanting evening sun called Pine Flat.

We kept the camping simple: a small tent for the boys and a tarp on the ground for the men. That night, we fought to stay awake under the sparkling dome of heaven, to catch the occasional shooting star and talk about our journey's promising start. But sleep overtook us, and our first day was done. We'd covered 38 miles.

The map may have said Pine Flat, but by the first gray light of the next day, I decided to rename it Cold Camp. Our fire was out, our sleeping bags were covered with heavy



Jim and J.P. Walker of Williams Precision Auto.



The truck arrives in Cave Creek after traversing more than 200 miles of dirt road.



crusts of frost, and the coffee water, set out the night before, was frozen solid. Sleeping under the open sky might be easy, but waking up at the cold light of dawn takes a bit of doing.

Our opening destination that second morning was the Round Mountain Trail, a 3-mile circuit we'd hoped would make an easy morning hike. But a few miles south, as we approached the border with the Prescott National Forest, the motor stumbled and died. It caught again, ran for a few minutes, and then stopped for good.

Now, in theory, the little Model A Ford motor is so simple that it's easy to fix, but several hours of tinkering were fruitless, and we had to be towed into the town of Williams, barely a dozen miles from our starting place, at the end of a rope. Our travel day was over after only 6 miles of driving (and 14 miles of towing), but we counted ourselves lucky in finding Jim Walker and his son, J.P. — the resident old-car experts at Precision Auto. After a welcome night in a motel, we were back on the road the next day, Wednesday, a broken set of points replaced. As we headed south into Yavapai County, the bright sunlight of the day before was gone, replaced by threatening clouds and an occasional rattle of rain. Gone, too, were the wide, easy roads of the Kaibab. Now we were traveling on narrower and rockier but still easily passable trails. We were descending fast, already 3,000 feet below our starting point, and now, at 4,000 feet, we were tipping over the edge of the Mogollon Rim, which marks the southern edge of the Colorado Plateau. Imperceptibly, we had left the ponderosas and were dropping into the valley of the Verde River and the high desert dotted by piñon pines and junipers.

In the cool weather, the boys retreated into a nest of sleep-



CLOCKWISE FROM FAR LEFT: Bloody Basin Road winds toward Tangle Creek; writer Iver Peterson replaces washers on the truck's fan pulley; the Cordes Store remains along the Old Black Canyon Highway; fourth-graders Charlie Moore and Nick Cansler ride in the back of the Model A.

ing bags in the back of our little red truck, where their 21st century portable video games were not quite in keeping with the early 20th century ethic we were hoping for.

WE CROSSED the Verde River over a handsome 1929 box truss bridge — listed on the National Register of Historic Places — at Perkinsville, and stopped to diagnose the ominous rattle that was coming from under the hood. The fan had worked its way loose and was chipping at the radiator, dangerously close to the cooling tubes. A fraction of an inch farther, and our trip would have been over. But we solved it with a common crescent wrench, a few spare washers and some elbow grease. Before us lay some of the most challenging road we would face, climbing back up to nearly 7,000 feet on the twisty trail around Woodchute Mountain, following the impossible bends of the old Bradshaw Mountain railroad right of way. We rolled into a campsite outside of Jerome, perched on the side of the mountain, just as the sun dropped below the rim of the earth.

Any thought that the road from 7,000 feet to 2,000 feet would be a straight downhill was put to rest on Thursday, when we found ourselves climbing up and down the stairways of Mingus Mountain, south of Jerome, and finally dropping down to Cherry, Powell Springs and a dirt track into Bloody Basin and the 71,000-acre Agua Fria National Monument. We were beginning to meet other vehicles on the dirt roads, a new experience after the isolation of the higher country, where we'd had the road to ourselves.

By now the truck was running strong and smooth, but it still took squirming to fit our legs through the little door,

and to perch on the narrow seat. We Americans are inches taller, and a lot heavier, than we were when the truck was designed, after all. We managed with frequent stops for hikes and photography, however, and that night we camped on state land by the Agua Fria. The wind that blew all day had swept the night sky clean of clouds. We'd come 187 miles since Monday.

On the last day, Friday, we entered the Tonto National Forest, climbing out of the Agua Fria along the Copper Creek road. Now our path frequently narrowed to one lane, and the faint track painted in the dust by our narrow tires showed that we were once again alone on the road as we twisted along the crests of low hills, the inadequate brakes on the old Ford groaning and complaining with each steep drop. The landscape was changing rapidly, too, from scrub oaks and manzanitas to blooming globemallows and hedgehog cactuses.

By noon we were at Seven Springs, celebrated a century or more ago as a summer haven for Arizonans in the days before air conditioning. As we forded the river at Seven Springs, we saw our first saguaro cactus, and we knew that we'd at last arrived at the Sonoran Desert. A few miles later, we stopped for our last outing, an easy 1-mile hike up to the 900-year-old stone walls of the Sears Kay Hohokam Indian village outside of Cave Creek.

The dirt road ended at pavement, and lines of cars, impatient at our stately progress, muscled past us. We'd come 230 miles in five slow days, descended more than a mile to the desert floor, and seen and breathed the heartland of Arizona. We could have covered the same distance in a modern car in two and a half hours, but what memories would we have had then, and what stories to tell? **AH**

A photograph of an older man with a grey beard, wearing a green t-shirt, a brown vest, white pants, and black rubber boots, wading through a shallow creek. A golden retriever is running through the water to his right. The background is a dense forest of tall, thin trees with some autumn-colored foliage. The scene is lit with warm, golden light, suggesting late afternoon or early morning.

THE MAN IN THE CREEK

Jim Harrison likes water. Actually, he *loves* water. Ironically, he doesn't find a lot of it in Patagonia. What he does find is inspiration for his novels. He also finds camaraderie in some of the characters that live in his neck of the woods.

BY KELLY KRAMER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCOTT BAXTER

PRECEDING PANEL:
Author Jim Harrison
walks his Scottish lab,
Zilpha, along Sonoita
Creek each day.

IN PARIS, HE SAYS, the people treat him like Hemingway. But in Patagonia, Jim Harrison is just Jim. For a man who believes that gods and spirits live in rivers and streams, the lack of moisture in the arid grasslands that encircle the small Southern Arizona town can be troubling. But after decades of traveling from Livingston, Montana, to this hamlet of artists and nature-seekers, the author has reconciled drought.

And he's relocated his gods and spirits to the stands of bamboo that surround the tiny cottage where he lives with his wife.

"All my life I've loved thickets," he says. "There are plenty of them here. The only thing I miss is water."

The birds, though, don't seem to mind. Hundreds of them buzz and hum around Harrison on an unusually hot early spring afternoon, their cadence broken only by the kiss of a breeze. Harrison knows them all — both by heart and by name. There are finches and thrushes, countless hummingbirds. He swears that he's been visited by an elegant trogon.

"He came right up to the window," Harrison says. "Just stayed there for a while. All the birders thought it unjust that he came to me."

Birds, thickets, water and the spirit of simple things pervade Harrison's work in much the same way that they characterize his existence in Patagonia.

Sonoita Creek runs along Harrison's property, sustaining the thickets and nourishing the birds. Its easy trickle swells to a roar only occasionally — after a rare downpour, or during a midsummer monsoon. The creek runs west from Sonoita through Patagonia, and it sinks below the surface of the earth in places before running into the Santa Cruz River near Nogales.

But the creek flows aboveground and wide near the cottage. Harrison walks his Scottish lab, Zilpha, through the water each morning. The dog is loyal and lean, her golden coat darker than those of standard labs, her affection for Harrison evident through her easy attentiveness. She splashes while Harrison watches in his thick rubber boots.

After, the author sets up the road to a small house on the Alto Ranch. It belongs to Bill and Bob Bergier, and there, Harrison writes.

His table is draped in a white cloth and topped with countless books and papers, a water cup, an ashtray, a lamp with a yellowed shade. Light pours from the windows and tumbles over potted cactuses and family ephemera — everything in the house belongs to the Bergiers, with the exception of Harrison's supplies. Though the author doesn't "want to think about how much time" he's spent in that room, he does acknowledge its effect on his craft.

"This feels like the right place," he says. "Writers worry that they're not in the right space, but I don't. Not here. There's so much wild country, and I have my ideal neighbors. No one."

So he writes and he smokes — American Spirits, one right after another. They've turned his voice to silt and his skin the color of an old catcher's mitt, yet he lights them with the longing of a man consumed.



Harrison writes at a small desk in a cottage on the Alto Ranch, which is owned by Bill and Bob Bergier.

The words fall to white paper in black ink, poured from Bic Rolling Writer pens. Harrison works in longhand and eschews technology, with the exception of the fax machine he uses to send pages to his longtime assistant, Joyce Bahl. She types and returns them, and Harrison takes to his edits. He once wrote a novel in nine days and changed but a few lines. He doesn't, he says, take the "slash-and-burn" approach.

BORN IN Grayling, Michigan, in 1937, Harrison has written often of the Midwest, the place he knows best. His characters are the types of hearty, humble men you'd expect to find on tractors and in farmhouses, the kind whose forearms are lithe and brown from the tending of earth and whose hearts are as big as their appetites — the kind whose skin smells of diesel and dirt.

It's easy to assume that Harrison models some of the men in his stories after himself. He's quick to reject the claim, but Harrison himself isn't an easy read. Denial comes with a wink

of his right eye — the good one — and it's followed by a story about how he went blind in his left.

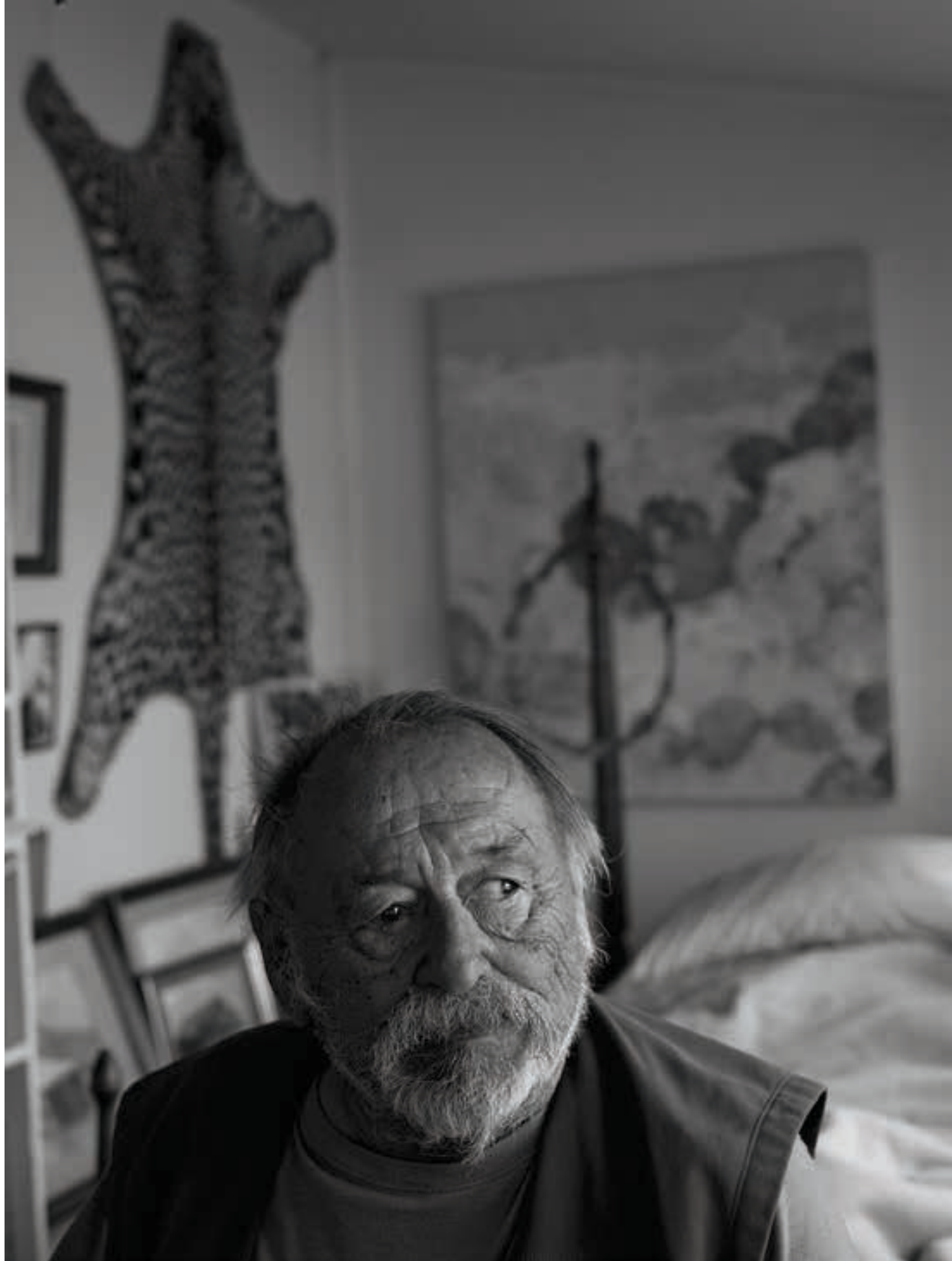
"It happened when I was 7," he says. "A girl shoved a beaker in my eye." He adds that the girl attacked him because he wouldn't stop flirting with her.

Though his vision was compromised, his passion for literature wasn't. Harrison first connected with poetry at the age of 14, when he read Keats. His own poem followed, and he says that he hasn't stopped writing since.

Poetry is his first love, but Harrison began writing novels, as well, while recuperating from a nasty fall and at the prompting of his friend, Thomas McGuane. *Wolf: A False Memoir* was published in 1971 and was quickly followed by *A Good Day to Die* (1973) and *Farmer* (1976).

Now 74, Harrison has dozens of novels to his name, as well as countless poems. He and his wife, Linda, have been married since 1959, and his two daughters have given him three grandchildren. One of them "pretends to write."

Harrison's most famous work is *Legends of the Fall*, a sprawling



collection of novellas that tracks a Montana family over several decades. Jack Nicholson financed the project, and Harrison claims to be the only person to have ever paid back the actor. That was due, in large part, to the story's success as a major Hollywood film that starred Brad Pitt, Anthony Hopkins and Aidan Quinn.

"It's a Midwestern thing," Harrison says. "You pay your debts."

The story's success, and the performance of subsequent novels, has enabled the author to travel, to do the things he loves, like hunting quail, fishing — Montana's Big Hole River is one of his favorite destinations — cooking and listening to Cubano music. He's even working on a cookbook with his friend, chef Mario Batali.

Legends of the Fall may have been Harrison's largest commercial coup — and its artistry is apparent — but his other work speaks to his own travels.

Take, for example, *The English Major*, which Harrison published in 2008. Its hero, Cliff, explains the diversity of Arizona's landscape:

"I had begun at dawn driving toward the fabled Flagstaff then slowly descending five thousand feet in altitude from the forests of the north to the hellhole of Phoenix, then turning east toward Tucson. When I found Sandario Road running through the border of the Saguaro National Park I was stunned as if I had suddenly been transplanted to Mars."

Ultimately, Cliff, an unwilling divorcee who's embarked on a road trip across the western United States, ends up along the U.S.-Mexico border, and again, the author's predilection for water reveals itself:

"Suddenly, I saw sheets of rain headed toward me and my brain yelled 'Praise God.' The rain hit me as if I had been slapped by a wet towel. I opened my mouth wide like a bullbat does for insects. I made a cup of my hands and licked at the gathering water and then took off my shoes so that they would catch the rain which they quickly did in the cloudburst which was so strong that I had to close my eyes."

HARRISON, WHO ADMITS to hating commas, first encountered the desert's rainless, Martian landscape in the 1960s, when he was invited to read his poetry at the University of Arizona. Something about the state resonated with him, and he's visited each winter for decades.

"I figure I'm usually ready to head south around November," Harrison says. And he's not the only Montana outdoorsman who migrates to Patagonia — his friend, author and activist Doug Peacock, does the same, as does a group of former war correspon-

Harrison has dozens of novels to his credit, as well as countless poems. His most famous work is *Legends of the Fall*.

So he writes and he
smokes — American
Spirits, one right
after another. They've
turned his voice to silt
and his skin the color
of an old catcher's
mitt, yet he lights
them with the longing
of a man consumed.

dents — some from *Newsweek* and *Time* — and news producers.

"Once, Peacock and I were camping in Mexico," Harrison says. "I fell down the side of a mountain and had nine different types of cactus stuck in me."

He tells stories, too, of encountering immigrants along the road and of coming home to an unusual roommate.

"I picked up a little Mexican girl who had tried to cross the border," he recalls. "I took her to Nogales — she was a fat little thing — and I imagine that she ended up back home. Another time, I went to France and came home to find that my wife had left the French doors open. A rattlesnake was on the floor in our bedroom, so you know what I did? I'll tell you what I did — I shot the bastard."

The friends — sans Peacock — gather at the Wagon Wheel, a popular Patagonia bar. The journalists tell tales of Hunter S. Thompson and Nick Proffitt, stories of the Eritrean War, of being wounded by shrapnel and chased by soldiers.

Harrison holds court, drinking vodka-tonics, flirting — "There aren't any attractive women in Patagonia," he says — and, of course, smoking. The bartender, Romeo, knows the author's order. He fills it without prompting but with a few light-hearted barbs, both for Harrison and the men who indulge the author by encouraging him to "tell us about the time ..."

But he's tired, and he'll shortly be heading back down the highway, toward the creek, toward home. He lights another American Spirit and decides to oblige the group with one final punch line.

The table roars, and Harrison turns to go. He pauses, searching for something to say. Then he finds what he's looking for.

"I'll die before I run out of words," he says. **AH**

Visit www.arizonahighways.com/extras.asp for more information about Jim Harrison and to view photos from the author's writing cottage.

Point of Pines Road

Elk, pronghorns, bighorns, black bears, meadows, mountains, trees — lots of beautiful trees — eagles, herons, ospreys ... there's so much to see on this scenic drive, you might have to do it twice.

BY ROGER NAYLOR | PHOTOGRAPHS BY RANDY PRENTICE

The road to Point of Pines Lake (Indian Road 8) plucks travelers from brushy desert and leads into a countryside that's cracked open and wide. The road winds through shimmering grasslands, where horizons spread out and rough hills prop up a sky of epic proportions. Elk and pronghorns

graze the high meadows, and Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep clamber up impossible cliffs. Black bears prowl the woodlands, and eagles, herons and ospreys fish the waters of faraway lakes ringed by ponderosa pines. Indian Road 8 departs from U.S. Route 70 east of Globe and crosses the

sprawling backcountry of the San Carlos Apache Reservation. Created by Congress in 1897, the reservation covers 1.8 million acres and shelters seven biotic communities. On this drive, it feels as if you pass through every one. A recreation pass is required for non-tribal members, so pick one up before you begin. They can be purchased for \$10 at the Circle K in Globe, the Bashas' in Peridot or the tribe's Recreation and Wildlife Department office. Be sure to specify if you intend to fish or camp.

The narrow strip of pavement curls into the soft embrace of the hills, brushing past Mount Triplet, where its distinctive trisummit bulk is graced with the tribal seal. After 6 miles, you'll crest a high plateau blanketed by Antelope Flats. Rolling meadows push the hills back from the road. Splashes of wildflowers and clusters of chain-fruit chollas — a shaggy, forlorn little forest — are the only interruption in the sea of grama grass.

You'll pass at least a half-dozen stock tanks along the way, thumbprint ponds, often with horses grazing nearby. After another brief climb, you'll cross Ash Flats, an expansive prairie and the most likely place to spot pronghorns, looking fine and fleet as they stand chest-deep in the waves of summer grass and sunflowers.

The road makes a final climb along the high shoulder of rocky slopes with a couple of pullouts to enjoy sweeping panoramas. Pay attention for the resident herd of Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep amid these stony formations. You might also spot small cliff dwellings here, but don't get any closer — they're off-limits without a guide.

As you approach the 6,644-foot-high

LEFT: Point of Pines Lake is a noted trout fishery, requiring a special permit from the San Carlos Apache Tribe.

OPPOSITE PAGE: A heavy stand of fruiting chollas lines Indian Road 8 in the Antelope Flats area, near one of many stock tanks found on the reservation.



Barlow Pass, a mixed woodland of oaks and pines closes in. At about the 51-mile mark, a small sign indicates the left turn to Point of Pines. The 3.5-mile gravel road leads you to the edge of the slender lake, which is cradled by a healthy stand of timber.

The lake is stocked with rainbow and brown trout, and you'll need a separate permit to fish. Continue through the

day-use area on a rutted dirt road to reach the campsites. The lake makes a lovely background for a picnic, but come prepared. There are no tables, and the vault toilets are not regularly maintained. Of course, you didn't drive all this way for a few creature comforts. You came for the magnificent drama, and there seems to be no end of it on this lonely road.

ADDITIONAL READING:

For more scenic drives, pick up a copy of our book *The Back Roads*. Now in its fifth edition, the book (\$19.95) features 40 of the state's most scenic drives. To order a copy, visit www.arizonahighways.com/books.



tour guide

Note: Mileages are approximate.

LENGTH: 54.5 miles one way

DIRECTIONS: From Globe, drive east on U.S. Route 70 for 24 miles to the turnoff for Point of Pines Lake (Indian Road 8).

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: The road is paved except for the last 3.5 miles. This portion can be managed in a sedan.

TRAVEL ADVISORY: Permits from the San Carlos Apache Tribe are required for recreation and fishing on the reservation.

WARNING: Back-road travel can be hazardous, so be aware of weather and road conditions. Carry plenty of water. Don't travel alone, and let someone know where you are going and when you plan to return.

INFORMATION: San Carlos Apache Tribe Recreation & Wildlife Department, 928-475-2343 or www.scatrwd.com

Travelers in Arizona can visit www.az511.gov or dial 511 to get information on road closures, construction, delays, weather and more. **AH**

Bill Williams Trail

Despite the idyllic nature of this mountain hike, it's never too busy — even in August, it's quiet enough to hear a pine needle drop. **BY ROBERT STIEVE | PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM BROWNOLD**

Bill Williams was a mountain man, an intrepid explorer cut from the same cloth as Jim Bridger and Zebulon Pike. “Old Bill,” as he came to be known, traipsed all over the West, including Northern Arizona. Because he usually traveled alone and left no record of his wanderings, not much is known about his time in the Grand Canyon State. He did, however, leave an impression. Enough to have a town, a mountain and an excellent hiking trail named in his honor.

The Bill Williams Trail is the favorite trail of Annette Mason, an adventurous

30-something from Ash Fork who hikes the route at least once a week. “Unlike Humphreys Peak and some of the other trails around Flagstaff, I usually have Bill Williams all to myself,” she says. The most company she’s ever had in a day was nine people, but even in the fall, when the golden aspens and red-orange oaks flare up before the onset of winter, this hike is unexpectedly uninhabited. In August, it’s almost a given that it’ll be quiet enough to hear a pine needle drop.

The trail begins at the Williams District Ranger Station, about a mile from downtown Williams. Ponderosa pines

and oaks dominate the trailhead, and within a few minutes you’ll come to an intersection with the Clover Springs Loop. There’s also a sign that reads, “Keep Your Forest Green.” It’s a good reminder of what’s important. From there, the route begins a series of eight switchbacks. They won’t take your breath away, but you will know that

OPPOSITE PAGE: Morning light catches golden leaves along the Bill Williams Trail. **BELOW:** Bill Williams Mountain rises to an elevation of more than 9,200 feet, and its summit reveals sweeping views of the surrounding area.

you’re going uphill.

After about 15 minutes, the trail passes a grove of alligator junipers, where long views open up to the west. A few minutes later, you’ll cross the upper intersection with the Clover Springs Loop and a second grove of gators. The trail at this point transitions from rocky to needle-covered, and it also levels off for a while. The summit is 2.5 miles away.

At the 1-mile mark (there’s a sign), the trail heads slightly downhill and passes some large granite boulders. A few minutes later, it’s uphill again as the trail crosses West Cataract Creek, which will likely be dry. A funky-looking ponderosa stands out at the top of the rise. About five minutes beyond that pine, you’ll see the trail’s first spruce. You’ll also get a quick glimpse of the summit, and moments later, the trail’s first aspen. The tree signals the 2-mile mark of the trail and the first steps in a steep succession of 12 switchbacks — the dirty dozen. Although your work here is a little tougher, the rewards are greater. The ponderosas are bigger, the spruce are thicker, the aspens seem to quake a little more, the Douglas firs are older, and the ground is covered with ferns, grapevines and wild roses.

After an hour of hiking, the aspens become even more impressive, and the trail is blockaded in places by fallen trees. The woodpeckers are busy leaving their marks, too. Keep your eyes peeled for those loudmouths, along with mountain bluebirds, elk, mule deer and maybe a mountain lion.

Continuing up the switches, the trail crosses paths with the Bixler Saddle

Trail and eventually arrives at Forest Road 111, which serves as an access road to the radio towers on top of the mountain. The first road to the summit opened in 1954 and was exalted as a scenic drive in the March 1957 issue of *Arizona Highways*.

After crossing the road, the trail continues for another half-mile to the top of the mountain, and the views up there are impressive. George Wharton James may have said it best in his 1917 book *Arizona the Wonderful*: “Imagine standing on a mountain top, a mile and three-quarters above sea level, and then looking out over a varied panorama, with practically unrestricted vision over a radius of two hundred miles. It is bewildering in its stupendous majesty and uplifting in its impressive glory.”

Old Bill couldn’t have said it better himself.

ADDITIONAL READING:

For more hikes, pick up a copy of *Arizona Highways Hiking Guide*, which features 52 of the state’s best trails — one for each week-end of the year, sorted by seasons. To order a copy, visit www.arizona-highways.com/books.



trail guide

LENGTH: 7 miles round-trip

DIFFICULTY: Moderate

ELEVATION: 7,000 to 9,256 feet

TRAILHEAD GPS: N 35°14.254', W 112°12.884'

DIRECTIONS: From downtown Williams, drive west on Railroad Avenue for approximately 1 mile and look for the sign marking the Williams District Ranger Station. Turn left at the sign onto the frontage road and continue approximately 0.5 miles to the ranger station. The trailhead is at the north end of the parking lot.

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: None

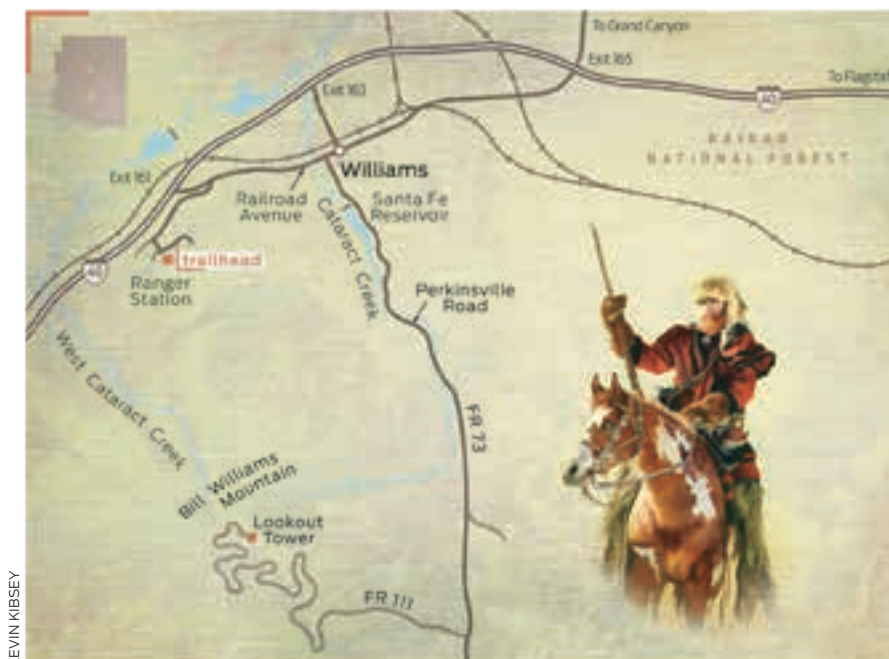
DOGS ALLOWED: Yes

USGS MAP: Williams South

INFORMATION: Williams Ranger District, 928-635-8200 or www.fs.usda.gov/kaibab

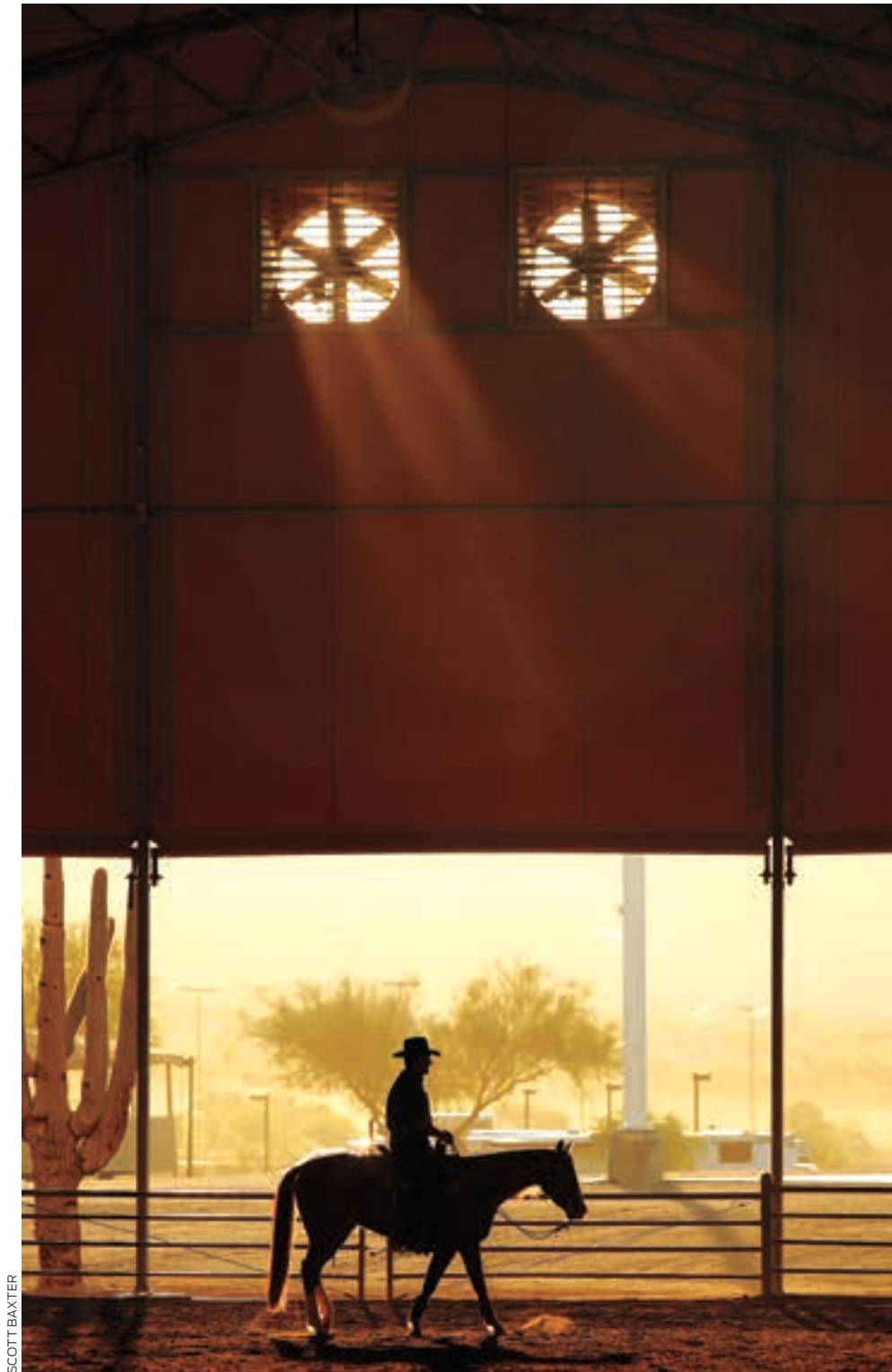
LEAVE-NO-TRACE PRINCIPLES:

- Plan ahead and be prepared.
- Travel and camp on durable surfaces.
- Dispose of waste properly and pack out all of your trash.
- Leave what you find.
- Respect wildlife and minimize impact.
- Be considerate of others. **AH**



KEVIN KIBSEY

where is this?



SCOTT BAXTER

On the Fence

Horses are a common sight at this popular showplace — one of the largest multiuse venues in the state — but you won't see only horses. During the winter, a large collection of classic cars can also be found on the 400-plus-acre property, which was recently approved for a \$43 million upgrade. The spectacular new look will debut in January 2014.

— MOLLY J. SMITH

June 2012
Answer & Winner

Wikieup. Congratulations to our winner, Elof Granholm of Terjärr, Finland.



MARK LIPCZYNSKI

Win a collection of our most popular books! To enter, correctly identify the location pictured at left and email your answer to editor@arizonahighways.com — type "Where Is This?" in the subject line. Entries can also be sent to 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009 (write "Where Is This?" on the envelope). Please include your name, address and phone number. One winner will be chosen in a random drawing of qualified entries. Entries must be postmarked by August 15, 2012. Only the winner will be notified. The correct answer will be posted in our October issue and online at www.arizonahighways.com beginning September 15.

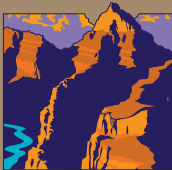
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